BEERFEST

by

Broken Lizard

SUPER: "In 1926, ancient Babylonian tablets were unearthed containing what is thought to be the first beer recipe. They date back to 4000 B.C."

"Today, six thousand years later, people around the globe consume over 30 billion gallons of beer annually."

CREDIT SEQUENCE - THE HISTORY OF WOLF BEER

EXT. WOLF BREWERY - 1930'S - DAY

B & W footage. A friendly-looking fellow, JOHAN WOLFHOUSE, 20's, holds a giant pair of SCISSORS (and a BUXOM BLONDE.) A distinguished looking crowd looks on as he cuts a big ribbon and drinks BEER from a GLASS BOOT.

A modest warehouse stands behind them: WOLF BREWERY.

EXT. CRIMEA - 1945 - DAY

B & W. An historic day. FDR, Churchill & Stalin sign the Yalta Accord. After FDR signs, he celebrates by cracking a cold WOLF BEER. He toasts his colleagues. SNAPSHOT!

EXT. HIGHWAY - 1950'S - DAY

B & W commercial. A young couple drives a convertible, smoking cigarettes and... drinking Wolf Beer. Their kids laugh in the back seat.

They pass a billboard where a cop lies in wait. The cop just smiles and waves. Everyone howls at the sky.

ANNOUNCER
Drink Wolf Beer and... HOWL AT THE MOON!

They all toast their beers. Including the cop.

INT. WOLF BREWERY - 1960'S - DAY

B & W FOOTAGE of the giant, old-fashioned copper beer vats. DISSOLVE TO...

COLOR FOOTAGE. The old vats have been replaced by mass production. Thousands of WOLF BEER CANS move down a conveyor belt.

INT. PARTY ROOM - 1970'S - NIGHT

IN COLOR. A HIPPIE reaches for his BONG, but there's no water in it. He opens a Schaefer and starts to pour it in. His BUDDY stops him.

BUDDY
Don't waste the good stuff, man. Use that Wolf crap.

The Hippie opens a Wolf Beer and pours it into the bong as he guzzles from his Schaefer.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE TAP ROOM - 1980'S - NIGHT

A pledge line up. Ten pledges, clad only in diapers, are berated by the fraternity brothers. As punishment, a brother pulls out a six pack of Wolf Beer. The pledges shudder. One pledge gulps down a can, winces, then ...

PLEDGE
(unconvincing)
Thank you sir. May I have another!

INT. 7-11 - PRESENT - DAY

CAMERA PANS down the fridge revealing the classier beers at the top. Down down down. Past the Piels and the Meister Brau. When we get to the bottom shelf, a HOMELESS GUY reaches in and grabs a WOLF BEER.

He dumps some coins on the counter, steps outside and starts drinking. Until...

His eyes GO WIDE! We hear a GURGLE. A RUMBLE. Suddenly he GRABS HIS ASS and runs around the corner. As he goes, he chucks the half full can of Wolf Beer over his shoulder.

WE BREAK OUT OF OUR CREDITS MONTAGE AND ENTER...

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - DAY

A dark and smoky dive. Not too crowded. A la Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, some fellas are huddled around a card table. The gambling is well underway.

The gamblers are all bad ass Latinos. A rough crew... except for one: JAN WOLFHOUSE, 30-ish, Caucasian, wears a dark, rumpled suit. Tie loosened. He looks drunk.

In the middle of the table are some GLASSES OF BEER and a PILE of CASH. The toughest Latino (see Danny Trejo) and Jan are locked in a staredown. Things are tense.

TOUGH LATINO #1
Make your move, chocha.

Jan throws the last of his money on the pile.

TOUGH LATINO #1 (CONT'D)
You sure about that?

JAN
Sure as shitwater... Ese.

Tense pause. The others at the table lean in. Jan prepares mentally. Until...

He produces a QUARTER and bounces it off the table. It SAILS through the air toward a glass of beer... twisting and turning in SLO MO... it approaches the target...

...only to MISS BADLY. Jan winces. Everyone else cheers!

TOUGH LATINO #1
You play quarters like a FUCKIN' MARICON!

Tough Latino #1 sweeps the money his way. Jan stops him.

JAN
...Chance.

TOUGH LATINO #1
You can't go again! You didn't hit the rim!

JAN
There was no rim rule. The rule was: you can "chance" if you match the pot. YOU made the rule yourself.

A pause. Another Latino leans in to #1.

TOUGH LATINO #2
That WAS the rule. You made it yourself.

Tough Latino #1 smiles, pulls a wad of hundred dollar bills from his pocket... and slams it on top of the pot.

TOUGH LATINO #1
Fine... match the pot.

Big laugh. Jan turns to a guy behind him, also dressed in a rumpled suit. This is Jan's brother, TODD, 30's. Todd is the older, more responsible of the two.

JAN
Gimme what ya got.

TODD
C'mon man, you're drunk.
(no response, pleading)
Jan, you know I've been saving up to buy my son a remote control car.

Jan just grabs Todd's cash and slaps it down.

TOUGH LATINO #1
HAH! Chupame la pinga!

Tough Latino #1 laughs as he crosses to the bar. The bartender hands him a shot of whiskey.

TOUGH LATINO #1 (CONT'D)
Hey pijo, want a shot before your shot?

But Jan's not listening. He straightens his slouch and SLAMS the quarter off the table. It looks way too hard to hit any of the glasses, but that's not the plan...

The quarter flies through the air toward the bar, hits Tough Latino #1 in the forehead and drops into the shot glass in his hand. Ka-ching!

Jan smiles. Todd smiles. The others are dumbstruck. Apparently Jan wasn't as drunk as he appeared. In fact, now he doesn't seem drunk at all. Suddenly, He SCOOPS UP the money and RUNS FOR IT!

JAN
I'll take a raincheck on that shot!

TOUGH LATINO #1
AY! STINKIN' CABRON!

EXT. ROADHOUSE BAR - DAY

Jan & Todd BURST into the daylight and charge across the parking lot. Behind them the door SLAMS open. A posse of bad ass Latinos on their tail. As they run...

TODD
Next time I get to be the drunk guy.

JAN
But you're so good at being the pussy.

Todd checks his watch. They cross the street... toward a Church. They dart up the steps and inside. As the Latinos reach the church steps, they screech to a halt, reverently cross themselves and kiss their necklaces.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

A funeral is underway. A casket sits to the side of the alter. An elderly man rests peacefully inside.

Jan & Todd BURST IN. The crowd turns to look. As the door swings closed behind them, we hear the last of Tough Latino from outside.

TOUGH LATINO (O.S.)
You can't hide in there you pussies! Bichos! Chinga tu madre! Fucking...

The door closes. Silence. Then... everyone matter-of-factly turns back to the funeral. It's clear this is no intrusion. Jan & Todd are supposed to be here. They respectfully make their way to the front of the church.

They sit next to a little, ridiculously-old, German woman with a scar on her face. This is GREAT GRANDMA GERTRUDE (Great Gam Gam). She smiles lovingly. They give her a kiss. Meanwhile, ON THE ALTAR...

PRIEST
And now, friends, as we gather to mourn the passing of Johan Wolfhouse, what can I say that Johan can't say himself?...

Jan & Todd look on in confusion as two altar boys pull a cover off a large object on the altar. It's a TV. They turn it on. JOHAN WOLFHOUSE (the guy in the coffin) pops on screen, alive and well.

JOHAN
(thick German accent)
Hello all. If you're vatching dis today ... den I have croaked. (laughs) Oh vell, now I'll never know what happened on All My Children! (laughs) But seriously, today I vanted to assure you all that I have lived a long und happy life. So no crying out there you crybabies! Yah. I'm talking to you, Janny. NO CRYING!

ANGLE ON JAN. He wipes away a tear with a smile.

JOHAN (CONT'D)
Und I also wanted to thank all of you personally for vhat you've added to my life. Most of all my muther...

ANGLE ON GREAT GAM GAM. She smiles.

JOHAN (CONT'D)
You're a tough old frau! I always knew you'd outlive me. My love to you! PROST!

ON CAMERA he raises a mug of beer in Great Gam Gam's honor... then gulps it down.

JOHAN (CONT'D)
Und take care of the boys, Mama. Todd, Jan, my smart und talented grandsons, I can't think of two better people to carry on the family business. I'm sure you will grow to love the Brewery as much as I have... Shtay out of trouble!

He raises a second mug to them... And gulps that down. ANGLE ON Jan and Todd. They laugh.

JOHAN (CONT'D)
Und finally... to me!

He raises a third mug and looks down at himself in the coffin. However, given the placement of the coffin, he's looking in the wrong direction.

The altar boys gasp and scramble to wheel the coffin to the other side of the TV. Just as they get it placed properly, Johan laughs.

JOHAN (CONT'D)
Just kidding! I told them where to place the coffin so I could make zat joke... HA! To me!

He turns his head in the other direction, causing the altar boys to scramble to move the coffin back.

JOHAN (CONT'D)
Prost PROST!

Johan chugs the mug dry. He wipes his face and winks to camera. He's looking a bit drunk as...the tape cuts out.

Quiet, sad laughter rolls through the room. The priest takes the altar again. He carries an empty beer mug. He rests it gently on the coffin to the sound of sobs.

EXT. WOLF BREWERY - NEXT DAY

As opposed to the images from the credit sequence, the Wolf Brewery looks a bit run down.

INT. WOLF BREWERY - SAME TIME

Jan and Todd enter. Everyone they pass knows them. People extend their condolences about Grandpa.

They reach their little offices, where they're stopped by CHERRY, a lovable, middle aged, heavy set, African-American woman. She was Grandpa's secretary.

CHERRY
Morning, boys. I'm so sorry about Grandpa. He was a great man.

JAN & TODD
Thanks, Cherry.

CHERRY
...Um I should warn you: the company lawyers are waiting in your office.

Jan looks inside. He doesn't see any lawyers.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
In your NEW office.

ANGLE DOWN THE HALL AT THE BIG DOOR. On the door: JOHAN WOLFHOUSE. Grandpa's office. The boys look uncomfortable.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
It's ok. It's yours now.

INT. GRANDPA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jan and Todd sit with two stiff looking corporate suits.

LAWYER
Your Grandfather was a wonderful guy, but not much of a business man. Frankly, there's not much of a business here. No growth, no capital, no profits.

TODD
Nothing?

LAWYER #2
The beer business is a competitive one. It takes a lot of commitment. We'll tell you what we told him time and again: Get out while you can still get something for this place. We recommend that you sell. Think about it.

The lawyers exit, leaving Jan & Todd looking downcast.

JAN
...ya know, I've been meaning to run this by you and, well, now seems like the right time...

Todd looks up at him.

JAN (CONT'D)
I say we turn this place into a giant chocolate factory and live like Willie Wonka. It'd be awesome. Rivers made of chocolate, flowers made of marshmallow, an office where everything's cut in half.
(off Todd's blank stare)
...Glass elevators?...

Long pause. Jan sighs, walks over and opens the office door. Out in the waiting area are two "little people" in green wigs and orange outfits. They spot Jan.

JAN (CONT'D)
Sorry, guys. He didn't go for it.

LITTLE PERSON #1
Asshole!

The Little Fellas kicks at the ground and walk away in a huff. Jan looks back at Todd and shrugs.

GREAT GAM GAM (O.S.)
There they are! What a proud day!

Jan turns to see Great Gam Gam hobble in on her walking stick. She stops. Tears of pride well in her eyes.

TODD
Gam Gam, what brings you here?

GREAT GAM GAM
I wanted to see my boy's on their first day as Masters und Commanders!
(she soaks it in)
Und, vell, I also have somesing I need you to do.

JAN
Sure, Gam Gam. Anything.

Great Gam Gam places a large ceremonial URN on the desk. It bears the Wolfhouse Family Crest and the name "JOHAN."

GREAT GAM GAM
For hundreds of years, it has been a Wolfhouse tradition to spread the ashes of our loved ones in Munich at the Festival on Theresienwiese. I am too old. I need you to go to Germany and spread your Grandfather's ashes.

Jan and Todd eye each other hesitantly.

TODD
Gam Gam, I'm not sure if this is the best time to be leaving the brewery.

GREAT GAM GAM
Oh fiddlefeist, you must go now. The festival begins next week.

JAN
Gam Gam, things are pretty tough here right now. Whatever this festival is...

GREAT GAM GAM
You know this festival as... Oktoberfest.

JAN & TODD
(quickly)
We're in.

GREAT GAM GAM
Wunderbar. The ashes are to be mixed with Bavarian beer und poured in the fields.

TODD
Gam Gam, we'd consider it an honor.

WHOOSH! Suddenly a TOMATO WHIZZES through the open window. It SPLATS! against the wall.

Gam Gam startles. Jan peers out to see the Little Guys in the parking lot giving him the finger.

LITTLE PERSON #1
HOW'S THE AIR UP THERE YA FUCKIN' TALLIE?

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: **Beer Fact -- Last year's Oktoberfest spanned sixteen days. In those sixteen days, visitors consumed over six million liters of beer.**

INT. PLANE - DAY

The trip to Munich. Todd awkwardly tries to stow Grandpa's urn for the flight. He tries the overhead bin. No good. He tries under the seat in front of him. No good. He tries the seat pocket in front of him...

Meanwhile, Jan is preoccupied with a German porn mag: "TITT SPRITZEN." ON THE COVER a St. Pauli Girl has her shirt undone while her chest is hosed down.

JAN
Man! Do you think it's just in my blood to like this shit?

But Todd's got other things on his mind...

TODD
You KNOW selling the Brewery would break Grandpa's heart. Maybe we should just spend a little more on advertising.

JAN
Listen, Todd. I've enjoyed working at the Brewery, but frankly, running the place ourselves sounds like a hassle. It's not worth it. Wolf Beer is a joke.

TODD
It's not a joke.

Jan gets the attention of the flight attendant.

JAN
Um, excuse me... I'd like to order a beer? ...A Wolf Beer.

The Flight Attendant laughs. Some passengers around them start to laugh. Jan shoots Todd a knowing look.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Seriously, what kind of beer do you want?

EXT. OKTOBERFEST - DAY

It's MASSIVE. Thousands of people file in and out of tents. There are carnival rides, carousels, roller coasters. Wandering brass bands play polkas and other drinking favorites. It's a beer drinker's Disneyland.

ANGLE ON Jan & Todd standing with the urn. In awe...

JAN
I have got the biggest boner right now.

Todd strokes the urn affectionately.

TODD
Grandpa, I could kiss you.

JAN
(to urn)
Yeah, what do you want to spend your eternity in? Perhaps a nice Weissbier?

TODD
Maybe he'd prefer to dip his beak in a full bodied Bavarian Marzen...

Jan & Todd hurry toward the BEER TENTS like mice after cheese. Meanwhile...

CUT TO A MYSTERIOUS CAR POV. A power window lowers providing a view of Jan & Todd in the distance. A black, gloved hand lights a cigarette. Someone is watching...

INT. OKTOBERFEST BEER TENT - DAY

Jan & Todd enter in awe. The throngs. The brass bands. The voluptuous, traditionally-clad, Bavarian waitresses delivering giant plates of chicken, sausage and oxen meat. They giddily approach a beautiful beer waitress.

JAN
Beer please!

WAITRESS
No beer.

Jan & Todd laugh big.

JAN
Beautiful AND funny.

They look around. Oddly enough, they don't see beer anywhere. No one in the tent is drinking beer.

JAN (CONT'D)
WHERE'S THE BEER?!!

WAITRESS
Today is ze first day of Oktoberfest. Not a beer is served until the Great Beer Baron taps ze first ceremonial keg.

TODD
What? When's that?

WAITRESS
Three hours.

They scan the big tent at a loss. They're approached by another waitress with a giant tray of gnarled meats.

WAITRESS #2
Salted pork knuckles?

CUT TO the MYSTERIOUS POV. The black gloves peel back the tent flap and again the POV zeroes in on Jan and Todd. Watching them nibble a salted pork knuckle...

INT. OKTOBERFEST TENTS - LATER

A waitress stands with her arms extended. Draped over each arm are 20 big salty pretzels. Spectators cheer as Jan speedily eats pretzels off one arm. Todd the other. Mid competition they pause to look at each other. They lick their dry, salted lips... and not a beer in sight.

CUT TO Jan & Todd have joined a crowd in the famous Oktoberfest chicken dance. They both wipe their brow of sweat. They look... parched.

CUT TO Jan & Todd compete with four other gung ho dudes. A banner above their head reads: "DER SALT LICK KOMPETITION!" They all furiously lick away at a giant slab of salt. The crowd goes bonkers.

EXT. OKTOBERFEST TENT - DAY

Jan & Todd emerge from the tent with the urn, clutching their throats, visibly struggling with their thirst.

TODD
Must... find... beer.

EXT. OKTOBERFEST ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Jan & Todd wander. Searching. As Todd continues around a corner, Jan stops at a DUMPSTER. He spots something inside. He reaches in and pulls out... a BEER CAN.

Like a weary desert traveller squeezing the last drop out of his canteen, Jan holds the can upside down over his mouth but-- nothing. DRY. He drops to his knees in agony.

CUT TO MYSTERIOUS POV. From the shadows, watching Jan until...

TODD (O.S.)
Um, Jan? ... You won't believe what I'm looking at right now.

Jan follows Todd's voice. He rounds a corner. His jaw drops. To the "Theme from 2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY"...

ANGLE ON Todd in a courtyard standing before a GIGANTIC, ORNATE, 20 FOOT WOODEN KEG. The keg glows in a halo of light. It's magnificent.

JAN
Glory be to God.

TODD
(holds up urn)
Look at it Grandpa. This is for you!
Who's got a boner now?

Todd hands Jan the urn and approaches a giant SPIGOT. He goes to twist. It won't budge. He tries again. Nothing. Finally he gives it his all and...POP! It turns. Beer pours out. Fast. In fact it's a gusher. Dark brown beer pours everywhere. Todd panics and tries to close the spigot. It won't budge.

TODD (CONT'D)
Little help?

Jan PUTS DOWN THE URN and joins. They desperately try to turn it. No luck. As they struggle, beer splashes in their faces. Jan licks his lips.

JAN
Christ that's ...delicious.

But they can't get it to stop. They start to panic.

EXT. OKTOBERFEST BEER TENTS - SAME TIME

A HUGE PROCESSION marches across the fields. It is the traditional "Grand Entry of the Oktoberfest Landlords and Brewers." Quite joyous. Oompah bands, dancing women etc.

At the head of the procession is a stuffy old German man in ceremonial garb. This is the GREAT BEER BARON OF MUNICH, the Brewmeister of Oktoberfest. He has his arm around a small German boy in lederhosen, HELMUT.

BARON
For hundreds of years, Helmut, mien father and his father and his father have all tapped ze ceremonial keg to signal ze shtaht of Oktoberfest. Und it is a very important duty. For in the tapping, you must not shpill a single drop.

HELMUT
Vhy Grandpapa?!

BARON
Vell, many many years ago, the King's grandest beer cask was left uncared for. It burst und flooded beer throughout the King's court.
(MORE)

BARON (CONT'D)
The flooding was so violent that it killed the King's only son... UND there was no beer for the Weisn.

The little boy gasps.

HELMUT
When the beer shpilled, Grandpapa... Vas it shticky?

BARON
Very shticky, my boy.

HELMUT
Did the King's court get shtinky, Grandpapa?

BARON
Yes, very shtinky, my boy.

HELMUT
UND shtanky?

BARON
Yes. Very shtanky. Und even shtunky. So to this day, legend holds that if a single drop shpills on to the ground, ze festival will be cursed.

The procession happily turns another corner and with an audible GASP... SCREECHES to a halt. The Oompah band clumsily squeaks quiet. The Baron covers Helmut's eyes.

Before them in the courtyard are Jan & Todd, shirts off, dancing in a stream of thick, dark beer. They care-freely guzzle as much as they possibly can. (Of course the family urn, remains intact on the curb.)

The drunken brothers stop laughing as they realize they're being watched by so many angry faces. In the silence, the little lederhosen boy starts to cry.

CUT TO THE MYSTERIOUS POV. Taking it all in. CAMERA SPINS to reveal the owner of this mysterious POV. It belongs to a dour looking man, dressed in a prim black suit. The man glares, then fades back into the shadows.

INT. OKTOBERFEST JAIL - NIGHT

A dank lockup full of drunk, ruddy-faced European hooligans. Everyone seems to have a beer as they take turns singing drinking songs. The scene is rowdy.

CAMERA PANS to find Jan and Todd standing smack in the middle of it, looking pretty drunk themselves. A big Swede approaches and hands them pints of beer.

TODD
At least someone smuggled some beers in.
(takes a gulp)

DRUNK SWEDE
Yah! We smuggled dem in our... how do you say... our "poop shoots!"

Jan and Todd look at each other, then the beers.

JAN
Bottoms up.

The singing escalates as the various nationalities break out their respective drinking anthems. The GERMANS sing a hearty song. The FINNS respond with a boisterous one of their own. Then the IRISH, then the DANES and then they throw it over to Jan and Todd...

Silence. Everyone glares at the brothers. Jan feebly responds with the Wolf Beer jingle.

JAN (CONT'D)
If you want a beer, just cry wolf. Wolf Beer!

JAN (CONT'D)
(howls)
ARRROOOOOOOOO!

TODD
(announcer voice)
Wolf Beer. Wolf Brewing Company. Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The jail cell is dead silent. The Hooligans don't know HOW to respond. Until...

AUSSIE
Wait a tick. These are the two scrubbers who knackered the Oktoberfest keg!

The crowd gets angry. "Those ARE the guys." They start to advance. Jan and Todd back up, but there's nowhere to go. It's not looking good when .... CREEEEEEEEAAAAAK. SLAM!

VOICE (O.S.)
Von Wolfhausen?!

All eyes turn toward the cell door. Standing there is... the dour man in the black suit. (The one trailing them earlier.) He looks directly at Jan and Todd.

MAN IN BLACK
VON WOLFHAUSEN!!

TODD
(swaying)
That's us.... Wolfhouse.

The Man sternly motions for them to follow. Jan & Todd can't get out of there fast enough. But before he goes, Jan stops, turns back to his cellmates and lets out a gigantic BEER BURP.

JAN
Eat it, assholes.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

The Man in Black mysteriously hustles the drunken Jan and Todd out a back door into a dark alley.

TODD
Whoa whoa whoa dude. Who are you?

MAN IN BLACK
Ruhe!

The man continues on. Jan and Todd follow.

JAN
(slurring)
Hey Slugworth? Why'd you get us out?!

The man turns and unleashes a torrent of German.

JAN (CONT'D)
What he say?

But Todd's not listening. He just remembered something.

TODD
Holy shit... the ashes!

They stop. Shame washes over them.

TODD (CONT'D)
You left them at that keg!

JAN
Me? If you coulda' closed that spigot, I wouldn'ta had to put him down, ya pussy!

TODD
Oh god, I can't believe we lost grandpa.

MAN IN BLACK
Von Wolfhausen! Komm!

As Jan & Todd drunkenly refocus on their guide, they realize the alleys are now narrower, more maze-like. Their surroundings are dark, wet, creepy, Kafka-esque. As they walk, things progress from weird to weirder...

They round a corner to see a ghostly-white boy in dirty clothes riding a tricycle in circles around a barking German Shepherd. His sing song is haunting.

LITTLE BOY
(Ring Around the Rosie)
Danke danke bitte. Danke danke bitte...

Jan and Todd shudder. They move past a doorway. Standing there is a spooky version of the Emcee from "Cabaret."

EMCEE
Care for a dahnce?

Down another alley they catch a glimpse of a big German woman stuffing a human leg into a grinder. Sausages spit out the other end. Jan and Todd really start to freak.

JAN
This is where he puts a bit in our mouths and sells us to a Sultan in Brunai!

TODD
That's it! We're not goin' any further!

But the Man in Black is not listening. He approaches a nondescript, unmarked metal door... BANG BANG BANG!

The boys watch in fearful anticipation as... a WINDOW SLAT opens. A menacing pair of eyes on the other side. In response, The Man in Black produces an elaborate YODEL.

MAN IN BLACK
YODELAYDEEHOOODLE DOOOO! DOOODLE DOOOOO!

On cue, the door swings open.

INT. DARK STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jan & Todd are whisked down a dark stairway. One that doesn't seem to end. Down down down. They can hear...

The faint sound of chanting. It grows louder. They can hear objects slamming. Wood on wood. Cheers. Screams of agony. The CHANTING GROWS LOUDER. Jan starts to freak.

JAN
What the fuck man?! WHAT THE FUCK!?

The Man in Black pushes them forward. Finally they reach the bottom and are lead into...

INT. THE ARENA - NIGHT

Jan's & Todd's jaws drop. Before them is a scene straight out of BLOODSPORT. It's an underground arena, where a fierce competition plays out all over the room.

JAN
Holy shit! What is this?

The scene is INTENSE. Chanting. Money changing hands. Men in tuxedos with expensive looking prostitutes. The distinct blue smoke of European tobacco. People carried out on stretchers, others having their stomachs pumped.

But this is no martial arts competition. As the boys focus in on the nature of the contest...

TODD
These guys are drinking... BEER.

They scan the room. In one area, they see two teams of five squared off at a wooden table. A contestant bounces a big, ornate wooden coin off the surface... into a beer stein. The crowd ERUPTS! The losers drink.

JAN
I think those guys are playing Quarters.

MAN IN BLACK
KRUEGERBOUNCE!

In another area. Two guys square off at a long beer hall table, armed with carved wooden paddles. They smash balls back and forth at Beer steins.

TODD
Beer pong?

MAN IN BLACK
PADDLE KUGGEL!

They spot two guys hanging upside down on a monkey bar, speed chugging.

JAN
Upside down chugs.

MAN IN BLACK
MONKEY KEUCHEN!

They're surrounded by all kinds of familiar beer games. Caps, Depth Charge, Anchor Man, etc.

TODD
They're like ancient versions of our games.

JAN
This must be ... heaven.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, are you guys... Americans?

Jan & Todd turn to see a big man next to them. He's doing some kind of warm up exercise with another guy. He gulps a beer, then turns to his buddy who hauls off and slugs him in the belly. Then he spits the beer into a bucket.

TODD
Yeah, are you?....

BIG MAN
Pfft... I'm Canadian, dude.
(presents business card)
Chad Tkachuk. I'm from Thunder Bay.
Member of the Canadian team.

He takes another huge gulp of beer, takes another slug in the stomach. Then spits the beer in a bucket.

JAN
We're Jan and Todd Wolfhouse... Whattaya mean "Canadian Team?"

CHAD
Whattaya mean "whattaya mean?" The Canadian Team. We finished fourth last year. This year... we take it all.

JAN
Take what all?

CHAD
Beerfest, eh?

JAN
Is this part of Oktoberfest?

CHAD
Hah! Oktoberfest is amateur hour. Up dere is for the tourists. Down here is the real shit. This started centuries before Oktoberfest ... as a way for Kings to settle disputes peacefully. Now it's aboot national pride. The ultimate test of a beer gamer's mettle.

Chad drinks another beer, takes a punch and spits. Meanwhile, Jan & Todd scan the walls. They're covered with old PAINTINGS and PORTRAITS. ANGLE ON A PAINTING: Four medieval Kings sit around a table playing Quarters.

Todd spots some old portraits of distinguished looking German men. He sees a painting of a dandyish looking fella, who bears a striking resemblance to Jan.

TODD
Ha! That guy kinda looks like you.

JAN
(laughs)
And that guy looks like you.

ANGLE ON another portrait of a smiling German in lederhosen. Jan and Todd have a good laugh.

JAN (CONT'D)
I can't believe we never heard of this.

CHAD
Don't beat yourself up. The Germans have never allowed Americans into the contest.

JAN
Why not?

CHAD
Aside from General anti-American hatred?

TODD
Yes...

CHAD
Dey don't respect American beer drinkers.

JAN
What? That's bullshit...

Suddenly they're interrupted by a wave of chants...

CROWD
DAS BOOT! DAS BOOT! DAS BOOT! DAS BOOT!

CHAD
Oh shit! Sounds like a tie. Someone's going to Sudden Death.

Chad, Jan and Todd make their way toward the noise. A huge crowd has gathered around the center of the arena.

Lined up in the middle is the five man Irish team (wearing Irish tams, freckled and red-headed) and the five man German team (comprised of your typical five blond, Teutonic-looking assholes).

CHAD (CONT'D)
That's the German team. The champs. Their family runs the oldest brewery in Bavaria.

The Germans are squared off with the Irish in traditional line chug position. The first four guys in each line hold beer steins. The last guy in each line holds a large, ornate GLASS BOOT full of beer.

JAN
Why does the last guy chug out of a shoe?

CHAD
That ain't a shoe.
(with reverence)
It's Das Boot, eh?... she's a bitch. That's why she's da tiebreaker.

A JUDGE stands between them, hand in the air. The crowd is RABID. Finally, the judge drops his hand.

JUDGE
TRINKEN!

The race is on! The first Irishman powers through his huge stein. The first German is right with him. When the first guys are done, the second ones in line pick it up.

TODD
Wow! They're fast.

It's neck and neck as the chug goes down the line. The crowd laps up the excitement. Finally it reaches the last guys. The boots go up!

As the Irishman rushes through his boot, he's suddenly sloshed by a wave of beer. It floods his face and sprays everywhere. Overwhelmed, he staggers, coughs and heaves.

The German handles his boot with skill. As he finishes it off, he holds it upside down for effect. BONE DRY.

The crowd EXPLODES! Showering the Germans in chants of adulation! "Deutschland! Deutschland! Uber Alles!" Jan and Todd are impressed. Suddenly, they're interrupted by a hand on their shoulder. It's the Man in Black.

JAN
(hugs him)
Dude, thank you so much for bringing us!!

MAN IN BLACK
KOMM MIT!

The Man in Black leads them to the center of the arena where people surround the triumphant Germans, congratulating them etc. He points at the Germans...

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)
VON WOLFHAUSEN!!
(points at Jan and Todd)
VON WOLFHAUSEN!!

TODD
(to Germans)
What?! Is your name Von Wolf Hausen?

GERMAN BROTHER #1
Yah.

TODD
Hey! So is ours!

MAN IN BLACK
Der cousin...

JAN
Cousins! We're cousins? That's awesome! We're Jan and Todd Wolfhouse ... from America. You guys are unbelievable!

Jan extends his hand. The German's don't even move. They just look at Jan's hand with disdain.

Then, German Brother #1, ROLF, turns to the Man in Black and LAUNCHES INTO A GERMAN TIRADE. His German is peppered with sour tasting "Americans." Jan and Todd can't understand a goddamned word.

Suddenly out of nowhere, two giant bouncer-types appear, grab the Man in Black and escort him out a door. Their exit is followed by the sound of two quick GUNSHOTS!

TODD
Whoa! Is that guy gonna be ok?!

ROLF (GERMAN # 1)
He is of no concern to you.

TODD
But he was just...

ROLF (GERMAN # 1)
IT IS FORBIDDEN TO BRING OUTSIDERS TO BEERFEIST! YOU DO NOT SHPEAK OF BEERFEIST OUTSIDE OF BEERFEIST AND YOU DO NOT BRING OUTSIDERS TO BEERFEIST!

JAN
We're not outsiders! We're your cousins!

ROLF (GERMAN # 1)
Wolfhouse... bah!
(spits on the ground)
Your grandfather was no Von Wolfhausen. Your grandfather, Johan, was just some bastard shtable boy!

TODD
What?!

GUNTER (GERMAN # 2)
(points to portrait)
Baron Ludwig Von Wolfhausen... Our great grandfather, was ze most legendary Brew Meister of Germany. He let your bastard Grandfather work around ze estate. Zen as "repayment" for his generosity, your grandfather tried to steal ze family beer recipe. He was banished from Germany with his mother... a common Bavarian Whore.

JAN
You better not be talking about GAM GAM!

OTTO (GERMAN # 3)
Johan the Bastard und his whore mother, stole our name and left for the country of bastards, America, to create his own piss vater zat is nothing but a shtain on the Von Wolfhausen family. So no, ve are not cousins. You are the offspring of a bastard who is the son of a whore.

JAN
Nobody talks to us like that!

ROLF (GERMAN # 1)
He just did.

TODD
You want a piece of us? Let's go!

GUNTER (GERMAN # 2)
Vhere are ve going?

JAN
You think you're hot shit? Pick your best two! We'll take you on right now! American style!

The German brothers BURST into laughter. Followed by the rest of the crowd.

ROLF (GERMAN # 1)
Ve are lahfing!

JAN
Your best two. NOW!

ROLF (GERMAN # 1)
How about our worst two.
(claps his hands)
Hammacher! Schlemmer!

Germans 4 & 5 step forward. Two huge pitchers full of thick German beer are shoved into Jan and Todd's hands. The two Germans are handed full pitchers.

All attention in the room has settled on the challenge. Jan and Todd look confident. They know how to drink beer.

ROLF (GERMAN # 1) (CONT'D)
Everyone at once. First team to finish wins... on my word.

JAN
Let's do this.

ROLF (GERMAN # 1)
...und TRINKEN!!!

Jan & Todd raise their pitchers and gulp. It's quite a task. At least a gallon of beer. They power forward. To the enjoyment of the crowd, the German brothers do nothing. They just stand their... smiling.

Jan and Todd struggle to reach the halfway mark.

HAMMACHER (GERMAN #4)
Hey American, why don't you let us put a nipple on zat for you?

The crowd ERUPTS in laughter. Jan and Todd soldier on. When they get 3/4 of the way through, the Germans give each other a knowing smile and ...

They begin to drink... and drink. Cold and professional. They quickly gain on Jan & Todd. The crowd can't contain their excitement. The other German brothers taunt.

OTTO (GERMAN #3)
I remember MY first pitcher of Bock!

GUNTER (GERMAN # 2)
Florence Nightingale! Quit your nursing!

The crowd ROARS with laughter! Jan & Todd struggle to compete, but they're no match. As the Germans overtake them, the JEERS and LAUGHTER grow louder until...

The Germans SLAM down their empty pitchers. The crowd ERUPTS. Jan & Todd slump over, CRUSHED. Eyes watering, out of breath and bent over in beer bubble pain.

The taunts fly from the crowd along with other objects. (cabbage, pretzels, knockwurst) As the drunk brothers stumble to dodge the projectiles, they lose their footing and hit the deck. Pure humiliation.

Suddenly, a HUSH overtakes the crowd. Someone has entered the room. Purposeful footsteps approach. Jan & Todd look up. Standing over them is... The Baron who caught them dancing in the Oktoberfest beer.

JAN
Oh shit.

Rolf bends down into frame... in Jan & Todd's face.

ROLF (GERMAN # 1)
Boys, allow me to introduce you to OUR grandfather, Wolfgang. Take a good look. This is a REAL Von Wolfhausen.

The five German brothers scamper to the man. The Baron grabs them all in a bear hug and gives them each manly, paternal, German kisses.

BARON
(to Jan & Todd)
Hello again... Americans.

He snaps his fingers. An aide places something in his hands... it's GRANDPA JOHAN'S URN. Jan & Todd gasp. The Baron stands over them and presents the urn to the crowd.

BARON (CONT'D)
Friends, this is all that remains of a thieving shtable boy who ran away to America to peddle cold piss vater!

And with that the Baron flips the urn upside down, dumping the ashes all over Jan and Todd. Asshole.

BARON (CONT'D)
I'm such a sucker for family reunions.

The German brothers laugh. The crowd laughs.

BARON (CONT'D)
NOW GET OUT!... Und take Johan with you.

The Baron throws the urn at them.

EXT. GERMANY-FRANCE BORDER - DAY

A van pulls up. Door opens. A handful of giant Germans HEAVE Jan and Todd out (and into France). They hit the ground next to two guys in berets drinking wine.

SCHLEMMER (GERMAN # 5)
Und shtay out!

The Germans laugh a hearty laugh and drive off, leaving Jan & Todd on the ground covered in Grandpa's ashes.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Filthy, Jan and Todd sit in silence. They look beaten, humiliated, hung over. Their hair is caked with remnants of the ashes. They stare straight ahead.

OVER PICTURE WE HEAR A PHONE RING. A machine picks up.

TODD (V.O.)
You have reached the cell phone of Todd Wolfhouse. I am currently out of the country on business. Leave a message.

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
Hello my dahrling boys, it's Great Gam Gam. By now you should be on your way back, so I just wanted to call to tell you how proud I am of you...

INT. CAB - DAY

Jan and Todd stare out the windows. Not saying a word to each other. GAM GAM CONTINUES OVER PICTURE:

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
You have done a great thing for your Grandfather. Now he can rest in peace...

INT. BREWERY - GRANPA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jan & Todd enter. Todd walks over to the desk and puts down grandpa's urn. STILL OVER PICTURE.

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
I love you und look forward to seeing you. Thank you thank you thank you.

CAMERA PANS across photos on the wall: Jan & Todd bounce on grandpa's lap as kids; Jan & Todd play catch with Grandpa; a questionably slutty picture of Gam Gam when she was young. Jan & Todd pause. Is it possible? Then...

JAN
Fucking Assholes!!!!

TODD
They called Gam Gam a whore!

They're interrupted by A KNOCK at the door. The company lawyers rush in. They look very happy.

LAWYER #1
Thank goodness you're back! We've received an offer for the brewery...

TODD
What?

LAWYER #2
A substantial offer. From a buyer who is willing to take this entire place off your hands.

JAN
Who?

LAWYER #1
A German operation. And get this...they must be related to you some how. They have the same name. Von Wolfhausen!

Jan and Todd glare. The lawyers just stand smiling.

TODD
I want you to draft a response in German.

LAWYER #1
Saying?

TODD
"FUCK YOU YOU FUCKING GERMAN FUCKS!"

LAWYER #1
I beg your pardon?

TODD
I said draft a German "FUCK YOU" brief!

Confused, the lawyers sheepishly exit.

JAN
Cocksuckers! Goddamn cocksuckers!

TODD
Here's what WE'RE gonna do. We're gonna hit 'em where they live.
(heroic music swells)
We're gonna go out and find us the best drinkers, the best beer gamers, the best chuggers and we're gonna go back there and kick the shit out of those krauts!

JAN
YEAH!

Todd walks to the calendar on the wall, flips to next October and puts a big red "X" on it.

TODD
Beerfest it is. They want a war? We'll give 'em a war they won't believe.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: Beer Fact -- In the Middle Ages, the introduction of hops stabilized a volatile brewing process. Prior to hops, frequent brewing failures were blamed on "beer witches," mystical women who somehow cursed the brew. The last known burning of a "beer witch" took place in 1591.

EXT. STATE FAIR - DAY

Jan & Todd walk purposefully toward the fairgrounds.

TODD
Jesus Christ. How'd you find him?

JAN
Some of the workers keep in touch.

TODD
It's been four years. Think he's still pissed?

JAN
Probably.

TODD
Should we be scared?

Jan pulls a can of mace from his pocket.

JAN
Definitely.

As they reach the grounds... ANGLE ON A STAGE. A hot dog eating contest. Ten skinny Asian dudes power down hot dogs at lightening speed. Amidst them is one non-Asian. A hulking mass of humanity.

SUPER: PHIL KRUNDLE A.K.A. LANDFILL

Jan & Todd approach. Landfill gobbles down hotdogs three at a time. He's way ahead of his opponents until...

Landfill casually looks up at the audience. He makes eye contact with... Jan & Todd. Anger washes over him. He does a double take, loses his hot dog rhythm and instantly PUKES in anger. FREEZE.

INT. WOLF BREWERY - FLASHBACK

Landfill works on the capping line. As bottles sail by, he can't help but practice his speed drinking. He quickly polishes off beers, then puts them back on the line.

ANGLE ON Jan & Todd on the factory floor, looking sheepish. They look up at Grandpa's office. He gives them an encouraging thumbs up.

Jan and Todd approach Landfill. Landfill stops drinking. Jan gives Landfill the throat-slash/"you're fired" gesture. Landfill looks shocked. With that...

Landfill loses it. He starts chugging bottles off the line. Bang bang, one after another. Jan & Todd try to stop him. No dice. Out of nowhere, two Security Guards jump on him, but he continues to down beer after beer. More Guards jump in as Jan & Todd run for dear life.

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - PRESENT - DAY

UNFREEZE. Landfill's hot dogs splatter on to the table.

JUDGE
You're out!

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Jan and Todd try to keep up with the seething Landfill.

JAN
Phil... wait up.

LANDFILL
Fuck off.

TODD
We need to talk to you!

LANDFILL
You fired me from the best job I ever had!

TODD
We had no choice! You were decreasing our output!... by a lot!

Landfill continues to walk. Jan blocks his way.

JAN
Would you just listen to us?!

Jan holds up the mace. Landfill pauses, fists clenched.

JAN (CONT'D)
You're the best volume drinker we know.

LANDFILL
So what?

TODD
So what would you say if we gave you all the beer you could drink... for a whole year?

LANDFILL
(pause)
I'm listening.

INT. NIH SCIENCE LABORATORY -- DAY

Jan, Todd & Landfill peek through the door window. In the corner of the lab is a bookish guy wearing a yarmulke.

JAN
There he is.

SUPER: STEVE FINKELSTEIN A.K.A. FINK

LANDFILL
You're gonna put that pencil neck nerd on the team? He can't drink.

JAN
That's where you're wrong. Not only can he drink... he can think. Every great team needs a brain.

TODD
I met Fink in college. I was a subject in some of his experiments. He knew EVERYTHING about beer related physics, anatomy, geometry. He was a legend...

Through the window, we can see Fink at a lab table.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLLEGE LAB - FLASHBACK

A younger Fink creates a concoction in the lab. He mixes common household products in a beaker. Olive oil. Corn starch. Two aspirin. He stirs, then holds onto his yarmulke as he downs the beaker.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Fink bursts through the doors of the FOOTBALL FRATERNITY. He looks energized. A table of giant dudes turn toward him. He sifts through the big boys and settles on the most gigantic lineman. Fink motions: "You. Me. Drink."

CUT TO A series of shots of Fink pounding back beer after beer. The Giant can't keep up. He falters... drops to his knees... and gives. Uncle.

As Fink turns smugly to leave, the Giant's buddies grab Fink by the scruff of the neck. Oops. Fink wasn't ready for this part. They lift him from his feet and throw him through a wall. BLAM!

INT. NIH LABORATORY - DAY

Jan, Todd and Landfill enter. Fink and his fellow lab technicians each have a frog on its back and are rubbing the frog's inner thighs with their thumbs. "Ribbits" fill the air. Fink chastises a techie.

FINK
No! You gotta really work it. Hard. HARD. Stroke it hard! Otherwise the zygote...

TODD
Finky!

FINK
(looks up)
Todd? Jan? What are you guys doing here?!

Landfill notices the ribbits.

LANDFILL
You're jerking off frogs! That's gross!

FINK
We're extracting frog zygote for cloning trials.

LANDFILL
You're jerkin' 'em off!

FINK
Who's your friend?

JAN
Phil Krundle.

LANDFILL
The name's Landfill.

As the lab techs rub away, the frog ribbits grow louder.

TODD
Fink, we're putting together a drinking team. There's an international competition we're entering and we want you to be a part of it.

FINK
...Is this a joke?

JAN
No.

FINK
I'm a respected member of the scientific community.

LANDFILL
Yeah, it sure looks like it.

Fink stops rubbing the frog for a second. It kicks at him. "C'mon don't stop." He continues.

JAN
We're serious, Fink. We need to put together a five man team for training.

The ribbits grow louder. In the b.g., Landfill spots an equation on a blackboard. He starts erasing numbers.

FINK
Beer training? I'm married. I have a house with a three car garage...
(to Landfill)
Don't do that!
(to Jan & Todd)
I'm published in four journals!

They're now yelling over the frenzied "ribbits."

JAN
We need you! America needs you!

FINK
That's sounds a little dramatic!

TODD
That's the part we haven't told you yet. We're competing against the Germans!

With that, the frogs let out one collective, enormous, orgasmic 'ribbit'... then the room goes dead silent. Fink pauses. He straightens his yarmulke.

FINK
Germans?

TODD
Big, blond, asshole Germans.

Fink looks at his exhausted frog. He lights a cigarette.

FINK
You've got 15 minutes to tell me more.

EXT. KOREA TOWN - DAY

Jan, Todd, Landfill and Fink approach a carnival. Only it's not your standard, all American cotton candy version. It's a run down Korean carnival.

TODD
Who the hell are we meeting here?

Jan doesn't respond. He just keeps walking.

TODD (CONT'D)
Jan, who are we meeting here?

JAN
...Barry McCormick.

Fink gasps. Todd stops in his tracks.

TODD
No fuckin' way! NO FUCKIN' WAY!

LANDFILL
Who's Barry McCormick?

TODD
I'm outta here!

LANDFILL
Who's Barry McCormick?

FINK
(quietly)
Another guy from college. He and Todd had ... a falling out.

JAN
He's the best, Todd! And you know it. The best at pong, the best at quarters...

TODD
You're great at quarters!

JAN
He TAUGHT me to play quarters!

LANDFILL
Is the guy really that good??

FINK
The best. Ever. Hands down.

INT. BAR ROOM - FLASHBACK

A games room. It's set up similar to one of those Gary Kasparov exhibitions where he races around playing twenty different games of chess simultaneously. Only this room is set up for beer games.

WE ZERO IN ON A COLLEGE AGED BARRY MCCORMICK. Good looking, confident. He's feverishly playing beer pong. We realize he's taking on two guys at once...

with two balls. The pace is staggering until... Barry smashes one ball into one opponent's cup and slams the second into the other's. As his opponents drink, Barry quickly moves on to the next challenge... Darts.

He grabs the darts and pow pow pow. Three quick BULL'S-EYES. He moves on to a FLASH BOWLING TABLE. He gives the puck a decisive ride. PING! Strike. He moves on ...

Speed quarters. He grabs a stack of quarters and with lightning speed hits the target. Two at a time. Three at a time. FOUR AT A TIME! The spectators cheer. As his opponents drink, Barry moves on to the next conquest.

A gorgeous girl. He sweeps her into his arms and sucks her face. She swoons. He pulls away. She pulls a quarter from her mouth. Damn he's smooooth.

EXT. KOREAN CARNIVAL - PRESENT - NIGHT

Jan, Landfill, Fink and a reluctant Todd walk amidst the carnival booths. Landfill eats a DUCK ON A STICK.

JAN
There he is.

ANGLE ON A GUY tending a game booth. It's not much of a game. Kids pay a dollar to throw three rocks at a stack of glass bottles.

And the guy manning the booth has seen better days. Stained shirt, couple of days growth, cigarette hanging from his mouth.

SUPER: BARRY MCCORMICK A.K.A. BARRY MCCORMICK

Not exactly the vision from the flashback.

FINK
God, he looks terrible.

Todd smiles at the sight. They approach.

JAN (cont'd)
Barry?

BARRY
(pause...recognition)
Ah the Wolfhouse boys... And Li'l Finky.

JAN & FINK
Hey, Barry.

BARRY
What brings you boys to Korea Town? Lookin' for a little sideways pussy?

JAN
We came to see you.

BARRY
I find THAT hard to believe, right Todd?
(to crowd)
Three rocks for a dollar! Step right up!

Landfill steps up and plunks down two bucks. He hucks a rock. SMASH. Glass flies everywhere. He laughs.

LANDFILL
Pretty good game!

Fink grabs some rocks and joins in the bottle breaking.

TODD
Let's just get to the point...

JAN
We're entering an international beer games competition. We're putting together a team. We want you to join.

BARRY
Oh I don't know. I've got such a sweet gig here. All the rocks I can throw...

Fink and Landfill shatter some more bottles and LAUGH.

TODD
Fine. See ya later.

JAN
No. Wait wait. Come on, Barry, it's gonna be just like the glory days. A chance to show everyone you still got it.

Barry stares at him. A certain sadness in his eyes.

TODD
That's just it. He doesn't "still got it."

BARRY
(glares)
Oh I still got it. I still got it. Watch and learn, baby diapers.

Barry pushes Fink & Landfill aside. He hucks a rock at a bottle, but misses badly. It sails out of the booth and into a shabby DUNKING BOOTH next door (SIGN: "Dunk Kim") where it SMACKS a Korean guy in the head. "OW!"

Embarrassed, he tries again. The rock veers sideways out of his hand and knocks over a DRIED CHICKEN DISPLAY. Barry shakes visibly. Silence.

JAN
Fuck that. What kinda beer game is that right, Barry?

Jan puts a cup on the counter and hands Barry a quarter.

JAN (CONT'D)
Here ya go man. Show 'em what ya got.

Barry reluctantly raises the quarter. His hand shakes. He eyes the others. Then he fumbles. The quarter hits the counter with a thud and skitters off. Everyone stares.

BARRY (cont'd)
What are you looking at? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT!!?

JAN
What happened to you?

BARRY
Get the HELL OUTTA HERE!

FINK
I broke 5 bottles. Don't I win something?

Barry picks up a broken bottle and waves it menacingly.

BARRY
(voice cracking)
GET OUTTA HERE!!!

INT. WOLF BREWERY - NEXT DAY

Jan, Todd, Fink & Landfill hold auditions for the last slot.

CUT TO A SERIES OF NOVELTY BEER DRINKING AUDITIONS:

1) A guy shakes up a beer, holds it at arms length and spins around as the beer shoots into his mouth.

Jan and Todd eye each other. "Eh." Big deal.

2) A guy drinks a beer through his nose with a straw.

TODD
Thanks.

3) A rugby player pours a beer down the crack of his ass as another rugby player catches the run off in his cup and chugs it.

In response, our guys look confused.

CUT TO the room now empty of auditioners. Jan, Todd, Fink & Landfill sit around in frustration, grasping at straws.

JAN
What about Jimmy "the Gerbil?" Everyone literally thought he had a hollow leg.

TODD
He actually did have a hollow leg. The autopsy confirmed it. He died in a drunk hang-gliding incident.

FINK
Dan Dunchkowski! That guy could chug a gallon of chocolate milk by the time he was twelve.

JAN
Gastric bypass surgery. The most he can fit in his stomach now is two triscuits and a glass of water.

Suddenly, the door BURSTS open. In walks Barry McCormick. He looks wild-eyed drunk. He grabs a beer can off the assembly line and stabs it with his key. Beer sprays all over his face, but he shotguns it anyway.

BARRY
Wolfhouseses! I want on the fuckin' team.

TODD
Forget it, Barry. You're a mess. Go crawl back under your bridge.

BARRY
You calling me a troll?

TODD
Yeah. A washed up, carnie troll.

With that Barry lifts his shirt to reveal...

FINK
HE'S GOT A GUN!!!

They all HIT THE GROUND, only to realize that Barry doesn't have a gun. Rather, he has a change dispenser hooked to his belt.

He promptly pops out twenty quarters and PING PANG POW... puts on a clinic. He flings them off every surface in the room, popping quarters into every open receptacle, big and small. Even winging one into Todd's mouth.

FINK & LANDFILL
Holy shit!

JAN
Guess it helps when he's drunk.

FINK
That shouldn't be a problem.

BARRY
So what's it gonna be?

They surround Barry. Fink & Landfill pat him on the back. Todd looks unhappy, but he can't argue with the results.

JAN
Looks like we got ourselves a team!

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: Beer Fact -- In 1876, Louis Pasteur's "Etudes sur la Biere" (studies concerning beer) leads to the process of "pasteurization," designed to prevent beer spoilage. A process not only indispensable in the production of beverages, it also revolutionizes the development of biology and modern medicines.

INT. JAN'S BACKYARD - DAY

Jan, Fink, Landfill & Barry sit sipping beers. Todd stands before them, determined. Speech time.

TODD
Ok, listen up beer drinkers. The next eleven months of your life are gonna be tough. As tough as anything you've ever done. We're gonna drink beer. And a lot of it. We're gonna hone our beer game skills. We're gonna spend hours improving our beer drinking stamina, speed and capacity.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)
It's gonna require commitment, determination. If anyone here isn't up for it, there's the door. Walk now.

They all look at each other... then burst into laughter.

TODD (CONT'D)
Good.

Todd walks off screen. Barry takes a sip of his beer.

BARRY
Are we training now?

JAN
I don't think so. These are just a few casual beers BEFORE we start training.

The guys nod. Sip some more.

BARRY
Ok... what about now?

Todd re-enters rolling a keg.

TODD
1,984 ounces. No one leaves tonight until we kick this bitch!

BARRY
So I guess we're training NOW.

Jan taps the keg and starts to fill everyone up.

JAN
There's something else we should stress here. This is a secret competition. You can't discuss it with anyone. The consequences are...fatal.

LANDFILL
How fatal?

TODD
When they found out who brought us there, they actually shot and killed the guy.

The guys eye each other nervously, then down their beers.

TODD (CONT'D)
We also need to discuss some of the training requirements. Game skill is key.
(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)
Barry, you're gonna have to focus on your pong game. This competition has this old fashioned kind of pong that...

BARRY
I don't play pong.

JAN
What are you talking about? You're the greatest pong player that ...

BARRY
I DON'T FUCKIN' PLAY PONG ANYMORE! GOT IT?! NOT NOW! NOT EVER! NO FUCKIN' PONG!

Silence. The guys give each other uncomfortable looks.

TODD
Ok... Lando, we're gonna need you to focus on your volume skills. A lot of this competition...

LANDFILL
NO WAY! I DON'T DO VOLUME! NOT NOW! NOT EVER! NO VOLUME!!

The others pause. Then Landfill smiles. Jan, Fink and Todd snicker at the joke. Barry just glares and drinks.

SUPER: 1 HOUR LATER

The guys are definitely more lubed up. With more lubrication, more surliness peeks out.

ANGLE ON Landfill, sitting by himself. Fink approaches.

LANDFILL (CONT'D)
Get lost. I drink alone.

Fink steers clear and walks over to some bushes. Out of the corner of his eye, Landfill sees Fink covertly pour out his beer in the bush.

LANDFILL (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

FINK
What?

LANDFILL
I just saw you pour out that beer you college boy pussy!

FINK
No I didn't!

ANGLE ON Barry bouncing pretzels off various surfaces into his mouth.

BARRY
Both a' ya shut up!

LANDFILL
(to Barry)
What're YOU gonna do about it college boy?!

Landfill moves toward him. Barry stands. Todd slides in and pulls Barry away.

BARRY
Get your shitty hands off me, Wolfhouse!

TODD
Fuck you, Barry, you loser. We shoulda' never put you on this team.

BARRY
What's the matter, Todd, you still pissed about the college girlfriend thing? Let it go already. She wasn't that good looking and she was a beat lay.

Jan and Fink wince.

TODD
I HAPPENED TO HAVE MARRIED THAT "BEAT LAY!"

BARRY
Ooops... yeah well...

Todd LUNGES at Barry. Everyone jumps in. Melee!

SUPER: 2 HOURS LATER

The melee is over. Now everyone hugs & slobbers on each other. Drunken "I love you's" all around.

SUPER: 3 HOURS LATER

MELEE! Another drunken wrestling match. It's an angry scrum of drunk dudes.

FADE OUT:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

The sun rises. People get their newspapers, walk their dogs, etc...

INT. LANDFILL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Landfill is passed out half in the fridge, half out. Milk is spilled all over the place. His WIFE enters. She gasps, immediately flips him over and starts CPR. Landfill comes to...rolls back over and snores.

INT. NIH LAB - MORNING

Fink looks like shit. Pale, nauseous. He nods off while masturbating a frog. His eyes close and his head droops, until a TINY SPLASH OF GREEN SEMEN hits him in the face.

He looks around, then discreetly wipes off.

INT. BEDROOM ROOM - DAY

Barry wakes up in a little bunk bed wearing super small pajamas. He gets up, walks into the kitchen and...

WOMAN
AAAHHHHHH!!!!!!!

A woman is horrified! Barry gets his bearings. This is not his beautiful house. This is not his beautiful wife. (And those aren't his beautiful pajamas.) He scurries out the front door.

EXT. JAN'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Jan and Todd wake where they landed: in lawn chairs. They stretch and shake off the chill. Jan attempts to move the keg. He can't. He tries again. It's still pretty full. He and Todd eye each other sheepishly. Not a good showing.

JAN
I think we're gonna need to double our efforts.

INT. WOLF BREWERY - NIGHT

Our guys start to break down the German games.

Jan and Todd practice the German style of Pong.

Barry practices the adjustment from the Quarter to the German Geldstuck. He can't quite get the hang of it.

ON THE BLACKBOARD, Fink diagrams the BOOT. He erases an equation in frustration. He can't seem to figure it out then... SWOOSH! Beer SPRAYS all over his blackboard.

He looks up to see, Landfill's attempt to shotgun a beer has gone awry. Fink is drenched.

FINK
Todd! Can I work in a different room from the human garbage disposal?

LANDFILL
Maybe you should just go back to your lab, Professor Braniac!

They glare at each other.

EXT. JAN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The five guys stand around a keg again. They toast and start chugging their pints. Landfill finishes, but the others are sloooowww. Fink and Jan barely finish theirs.

INT. LANDFILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Landfill is drunkenly slumped over the foot of the bed, fully clothed. In vain, his wife tries to free one of her legs from underneath him.

MRS. LANDFILL
You're drunk AGAIN?!

LANDFILL
(slurring)
How many times do I have to tell you? I'm training for a super-secret, international underground drinking competition! We're taking on the Germans!... but don't tell anybody or THEY WILL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD!

MRS. LANDFILL
THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS, PHIL!

She finally frees herself and pushes him off the bed.

INT. TODD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Todd drunkenly enters. His wife, cute, 30's, sits reading on the bed in her robe. Todd slumps down next to her.

TODD'S WIFE
Hi there. You look like you've had a few.

TODD
Yep.

She smiles and sexily cuddles up to him.

TODD'S WIFE
Mmmm, that should make you last longer.

She opens her robe and starts kissing his neck.

TODD'S WIFE (CONT'D)
Who else was out tonight?

TODD
(slurring)
Jan... Steve Finkelstein.

TODD'S WIFE
Fink? Wow. I haven't seen him in years.

TODD
...Barry McCormick.

She stops kissing his neck.

TODD'S WIFE
Who?

TODD
BARRY FUCKING MCCORMICK!! YOU HEARD ME!
THAT'S RIGHT! YOUR COLLEGE FUCK BUDDY!!

Todd runs crying into the bathroom like a teenage girl. He slams the bathroom door and locks it behind him.

Todd's wife looks to the door, shrugs, reaches into the bedside table and pulls out a vibrator. "Oh well."

INT. WOLF BREWERY - DAY

Jan, Todd, Fink, Landfill and Barry practice. Barry tries to show Todd and Jan a quarters technique, but Todd's clearly not listening. He just glares at Barry.

Fink practices the LONG POUR with Landfill. Fink stands on a ladder and pours a pitcher of beer into Landfill's mouth. Of course he misses, hitting Landfill in the face.

LANDFILL
Open yer eyes, ya fuckin' frisbee head!

Fink straightens his yarmulke and... pours the beer all over Landfill's face. Landfill snaps and scrambles up the ladder after him. They both CRASH to the floor.

INT. JAN & TODD'S OFFICE - DAY

Todd looks hung over and bleary eyed. Jan is asleep at his desk. Cherry enters with some paperwork.

CHERRY
Here are the progress reports.

TODD
Just throw 'em over there.

Cherry looks over at the corner of the room. Unruly piles of paperwork dot the messy floor. Cherry winces.

CHERRY
Did you fill out the tax forms?

TODD
Uh... no... could you do it?

CHERRY
Ya know, there's a danger when the boss enjoys his product too much.

JAN
(comes to)
Oh no, we just have head colds. Be careful, it's going around.

CHERRY
Uh-huh.

Cherry sighs and exits.

INT. NIH LAB - DAY

Fink looks hung over. Frogs ribbit in desperation as he focuses his attention on a diagram of the boot. He still can't figure it out.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - MORNING

This time Barry wakes up sprawled on a pile of pumpkins. He startles when he notices A BEAVER eating his pile of puke. The beaver HISSES at Barry.

Barry gets up and hustles away from the varmint.

INT. JAN'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Once again, Jan and Todd wake up next to the keg. Todd gives it a push. Again it won't budge.

INT. BREWERY - NIGHT

Jan, Todd, Fink, Landfill & Barry sit in front of a big screen watching "GAME FILM." They are in awe.

LANDFILL
Jesus Christ... look at that technique.

REVEAL ON SCREEN: old B & W footage of Germans drinking at Oktoberfest. Olde timey Germans dressed in lederhosen chug steins of beer and slam them on the table.

TODD
What do they know that we don't know?

FINK
Maybe it's just cultural.

JAN
Maybe we should find out.

EXT. GREAT GAM GAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Jan, Todd, Fink, Landfill and Barry approach.

TODD
Don't say anything about the competition. She's not supposed to know.

JAN
And don't say anything about her being a whore.

Todd shoots Jan a look.

BARRY
She's a whore!?

JAN
Well... uh she may or may not have been a whore ... in her younger years.

INT. GREAT GAM GAM'S HOUSE - DAY

All the guys sit quietly in the living room. Gam Gam exits the kitchen and places a big sausage on the table.

GREAT GAM GAM
Summer sausage?... It just came out of ze refrigerator. Here, let me warm it up.

Gam Gam starts stroking the sausage - fast and hard. The boys can't believe their eyes.

JAN
So Gam Gam, when we were at Oktoberfest, we noticed that all the Germans are awesome drinkers. Is it like... something in the water?

GREAT GAM GAM
(still working the sausage)
Oh no. It's training. From the time they are young boys, Germans are trained to be excellent beer drinkers.

TODD
How so?

GREAT GAM GAM
For one sing, zey train high in ze Alps.

FINK
Interesting. High altitude training. Similar to what the Kenyans do with their marathon runners.

GREAT GAM GAM
Yah. Zey are also taught at a young age to relax their muscles and open their throats.

LANDFILL
Chugging technique?

GREAT GAM GAM
Let me show you.

Gam Gam opens wide and deep throats the giant sausage. She pulls it out. Then shoves it in and out again.

GREAT GAM GAM (CONT'D)
You see? Germans can pretty much shove anysing down zere.

Great Gam Gam continues to demonstrate. The guys eye each other in uncomfortable awe. Jan quickly stops her.

JAN
What else Gam Gam?

Great Gam Gam pulls the sausage from her throat and places it back on the table.

GREAT GAM GAM
Oh I'm sorry. Eat. Eat.

Everyone sheepishly eyes the sausage.

GREAT GAM GAM (CONT'D)
Anozer trick is that they drink deer urine.

FINK
Huh. Because of the ph balance?

GREAT GAM GAM
No. Because if you can drink deer urine, you can drink anysing.

LANDFILL
(laughs)
How do you collect deer urine?

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

The crack of dawn. Two hunters make their way through the woods. As they move through a thicket, they see their mark -- A SET OF ANTLERS in the distance.

They stop. One hunter raises his gun. He's about to shoot, then stops. Through his scope, he sees what looks like ... five guys trying to milk a buck.

Landfill, Barry & Fink wrestle the pissed-off deer while Jan & Todd hold a jug underneath. The buck butts Fink and kicks Todd's face while shooting a stream of angry piss into the jug.

HUNTER
Of all things Good and Holy!

Barry, Fink, Landfill, Jan and Todd look up at the hunter like deer caught in the headlights... then scurry away.

EXT. WOLF BREWERY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Bruised and battered, Jan, Todd, Fink, Barry and Landfill sit shivering, surrounded by cups of deer urine and cans of Wolf Beer. Fink looks down at the ground below.

FINK
I don't think this is what she meant by drinking at high altitude.

LANDFILL
You wanna haul your ass up to the top of Mount St. Anky in this weather? Because I don't.

BARRY
Don't wanna haul your ass up a mountain? Or can't haul your ass up a mountain?

LANDFILL
Fuck you, Barry.

TODD
Come on, guys. Let's just do this. It's not gonna be pleasant, but I snagged some beers from the factory to chase it down.

They grab the deer urine, warily toast... and drink. Immediately, all five of them retch and gag. They quickly grab their Wolf Beer and gulp it down. Barry GRIMACES at his can of Wolf, then back at the deer piss.

BARRY
Aw what's the fuckin' difference?

JAN
Easy there. I became a man on this stuff.

BARRY
That's what I figured... I've tasted better Korean dishwater.

TODD
Oh shut the fuck up, Barry.
(takes a swig of his Wolf)
It used to be a hell of a lot better. I remember when it was great.
(reminiscent)
My first taste of beer was when I stole a can of Wolf off an assembly line behind Grandpa's back. It wasn't even cold, but I've never tasted anything better.

JAN
Yeah, I used to love watching Grandpa enjoy a cold beer out of his glass bottom mug. I'd look up through the bottom while he drank and it always looked like he was smiling. I wondered what could taste so good. He finally let me have a sip. It was everything I thought it would be.

Everyone smiles and nods.

BARRY
My first beer... I swiped a can off my mom's deck chair at a pool party. Turns out she'd been using it as an ashtray.

The guys laugh.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I started to cry and then I threw up in the pool. My mom felt so bad, she let me have a sip of a fresh beer right out of the cooler. The can was so cold, I could barely hold it in my hands. It was the most delicious thing ever.

The others nod understandingly.

FINK
Mine was freshman year in college...

LANDFILL
You didn't drink your first beer until you were in college?

FINK
My High School Science Team made me sign a letter swearing off drugs and alcohol.

LANDFILL
You signed a letter? What a tool.

TODD
Shut up Phil. We're having a moment here.

FINK
My freshman roommate was a real asshole. Gary Grummond. Remember that guy? He had a collection of rare beers. One day I came home to find that he'd put a dead badger in my foot locker. So I went over and cracked open his prized 1961 Blatt's cone-top can and chugged it in his face.

BARRY
Nice.

FINK
He broke three of my teeth, but it didn't matter. I was hooked. By the end of the semester I secretly drank every one of them and refilled the bottles with piss.

The other guys clap him on the back.

LANDFILL
Good one, Finkelstein... I was 12 when I swiped a case out of my Uncle's garage. I knew Uncle Denny had killed a man in Reno, but I just wanted those beers so bad. I hid up in my cousin's treehouse and cracked one open. Damn, it was good. Sneaky good, ya know?
(more smiles)
Sure enough Uncle Denny came looking for me. He climbed into that treehouse, and pulled out his shucking knife. I figured he was gonna gut me. Instead he popped a hole in a can and shotgunned it. Then he let ME do it. Then we finished the case. (wipes away a tear). When I carried him to bed, he gave this to me.

Landfill pulls an OLD SHUCKING KNIFE from his pocket. Pops a hole in a Wolf Beer and shotguns it. He let's out a tremendous burp and wipes away another tear.

LANDFILL (CONT'D)
Thanks, Uncle Denny.

They all sit in silence.

FINK
We gotta stop beating up on each other.

They look at each other and nod. "Fink's right."

TODD
Ya know, maybe that's just it. We're getting under each other's skin because we're training against each other. Maybe we should get out there and start beatin' up on someone else.

FINK
That's a great idea. Real world opponents. We just might pick up a few things we didn't know.

BARRY
Yeah, fuck this deer piss shit.
(holds up a beer)
Here's to beer!

LANDFILL
Here's to American beer!

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: **Beer Fact -- According to a diary entry from a passenger on the Mayflower, the Pilgrims made their landing at Plymouth Rock, rather than continue to their destination in Virginia, due to lack of beer.**

EXT. EST. SHOT OF A BAVARIAN CHALET - DAY

INT. BAVARIAN CHALET - DAY

A high-tech training facility. The German team stands in formation. Each has a PNEUMATIC TUBE strapped to his face. At regular intervals, the tube SHOOTS A BLAST OF BEER into their mouths. Monitors register their heart rate and blood alcohol level.

Baron Von Wolfhausen walks down the line, shouting.

BARON VON WOLFHAUSEN
Mach schnel, Rolf! Mach schnel! Zis isn't your Grandmama's *apfelkuchen!*

A GERMAN LAWYER in a business suit approaches.

GERMAN LAWYER
Pardon me, Herr Baron.

BARON VON WOLFHAUSEN
Zis had better be good news, Leon.

GERMAN LAWYER
I'm afraid Americans have rejected our overtures. They have refused to sell.

BARON VON WOLFHAUSEN
Vat?! But their little lemonade factory is losing money faster than a Polish gambler! You must be mistaken!

GERMAN LAWYER
I have their response here, Baron. Their German is rough, but loosely translated it says we should "bend over und eat the shit out of our Deutsche assholes."

The Baron stares daggers at the lawyer. The team removes their pneumatic beer tubes.

OTTO
You let it be known zat ze offer was coming from Germany?

GERMAN LAWYER
I... I was unaware it would be a problem.

HAMMACHER
Unaware, eh?

The five German brothers converge on the lawyer.

ROLF
You shtupidly assumed that these Americans would abdicate to the very people who recently humiliated zem und threw zem out of ze country?

The lawyer backs away, but is seized by the German team.

GERMAN LAWYER
Nein! Bitte! Nei...

Gunter CLAMPS HIS BEER TUBE over the Lawyer's mouth. Rolf holds his tube over his nose. Hammacher and Schlemmer cover each of his ears. Finally, Otto pulls down the lawyer's pants and SHOVES A TUBE UP HIS RECTUM. Resistance is futile.

BARON VON WOLFHAUSEN
It is of no consequence. If these impudent Yankees don't recognize ze value of money, then ve shall simply run their little "brewhaus" into the ground.

As he walks out, he SLAPS HIS THIGH, summoning his PET DEER to his side. The deer wears a diaper.

As the Baron exits, we see BEER FLOW FIERCELY through the tubes. We hear the Lawyer's muffled screams.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A group of 50 high school kids enjoy a house party. Some of them huddle around kegs. Others noodle along with shitty jam-band music blaring from a stereo when...

Jan, Todd, Fink, Barry & Landfill WALK THROUGH THE DOOR.

As the fellas march into the house, the high-schoolers stop talking, drinking and dancing. They stare. Then...

WISEASS HIGH SCHOOL KID
Who's getting the Queer Eye makeover?

Our guys approach an unattended keg. They grab cups and start filling up. The kids stare silently.

FINK
Somebody wanna break the ice?

BARRY
(to the kids)
How come nobody's drinking from this one?

No response. The guys check out the keg. Sure enough, it's Wolf Beer. Todd and Jan shake their heads.

LANDFILL
Alright. Enough of this bullshit.

Landfill approaches the partiers, who back away. He spots a stack of big Fosters oil cans. He grabs two and quickly punches holes with his shucking knife. As the kids watch in awe, Landfill pops both tops in one fluid move.

Two empty Foster's oil cans hit the floor in unison.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER. The fun is on. Todd, Fink & Jan stand in the middle of a circle of kids, playing "Viking Master." They're in way over their heads. A guy wearing a Viking helmet points to the kid standing between Todd & Fink. That kid blows an imaginary horn and Todd & Fink start frantically ROWING IMAGINARY OARS on either side of him.

VIKING MASTER
You're rowing on the wrong side! Drink!

All the kids point and laugh while Todd and Fink chug. Big laughs all around.

ANGLE ON THE DINING ROOM. Landfill and Barry sit among a group of giggly girls.

GIDDY GIRL
OK! OK! I've got one! I NEVER MADE OUT WITH TOMMY MULLARKY!

Five of the girls raise their beers and drink. The other girls scream in delight. Landfill laughs.

As one of the high-school hotties laughs, PLUNK! A coin lands in her beer. She fishes it out. It's actually a little metal calling card. BARRY McCORMICK 244-3136. She looks across the circle and spots Barry, who winks.

GIDDY GIRL #2
OK! My turn! I NEVER FOOLED AROUND WITH COACH PETERSON!

Ooo's and ahs all around until... One of the girls drinks. Everyone erupts in laughter.

Meanwhile, in the corner, Landfill takes an embarrassed swig too. He looks to make sure no one is watching... Barry is.

Suddenly, A POLICE SIREN pierces the air. Everyone looks up to see the flashing lights of a cop car.

JAN
COPS!

Teenagers break for it in every direction.

EXT. THE WOODS OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

A fleeing teenager hauls ass through the trees. He spots a big rock and ducks behind it.

He leans up against the rock, panting and scared. He looks to his right and sees Jan, also hiding behind the rock, also panting and scared.

FLEEING TEENAGER
Dude. Aren't you legal?

Jan thinks, then shoots the kid an embarrassed smile. He gets to his feet and starts walking back.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

Barry and Landfill sit on the kitchen counter, drinking beer, chatting amiably with two cops. Jan, Todd and Fink hang out by one of the abandoned kegs.

TODD
Pretty fuckin fun, huh?

JAN
Hell yeah. It's SUPPOSED to be fun.

They all smile as we launch into...

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

A game has just ended. The players mill around, drinking from a keg. Jan, Todd, Landfill, Barry & Fink approach in pristine Wolf Beer softball uniforms.

CUT TO Todd competes in the BASEBALL BAT SPIN. Lined up at home plate, Todd and a softball player rest their foreheads on bats and spin around. Then they take off for first, veering and wobbling sideways. At first base they chug a beer, bat spin again and head for second. On the way, Todd bites it. Everyone BURSTS out in laughter.

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE BACK YARD - DAY

A beautiful day. Our guys are in the midst of a TABLE TOSS competition with some frat boys. Jan, Todd, Barry, Fink & Landfill sit at a picnic table. Five frat boys sit at a picnic table next to them.

They all chug beers. As each team finishes, they stand, lift their picnic table & benches and HEAVE them as far as they can across the yard. They run, reset, sit and chug again. When they're done, they stand and HEAVE again. Our guys drink a little faster and throw their table a little farther... across a finish line. They all celebrate. WINNERS!

INT. VFW HALL - DAY

Jan and Barry play SHUFFLE BEER against two elderly guys in WWII hats. (It's like Shuffle Board except instead of pucks, they use beer mugs.)

With one swift slide, Jan sends his mug to the other end of the table. It KNOCKS TWO PINT GLASSES off the edge and comes to a halt on the precipice.

OLD VET #1
FUCK!

Off to the side, Fink, Landfill & Todd drink beers with a some elderly VFW's. WW2 paraphernalia surrounds them.

OLD VET #2
I'll tell you one Goddamn thing! There is not a prouder day in my life than the day we beat the goddamn Germans!

OLD VET #3
Amen! 'Cause they were dirty, sneaky sons of bitches. SNEAKY! And we kicked their shifty kraut asses!

Our guys look at each other and nod appreciatively.

EXT. WOLF BREWERY - DAY

Standard daily activity outside the Brewery, until...

CAMERA PULLS BACK... BACK BACK BACK... AND THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC LENS OF A PERISCOPE.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

A periscope peeks up from the waters of nearby Grand River.

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT - DAY

Inside a submarine, Baron Von Wolfhausen and the German team are gathered around a periscope.

BARON
Vell, gentlemen. It appears zat it is time to initiate "Operation: Brew-Halt!"

They laugh evilly until....

GUNTER
Is zat really the title we agreed on? I always liked "Operation: Stein-Smash!"

HAMMACHER
"Project: Dead-Wolf!" I liked zat one!

SCHLEMMER
Zat's a shtupid name!

OTTO
Ve should take a vote. Because I never liked "Brew-Halt" either.

Baron Von Wolfhausen slaps Otto across the face.

BARON
Zis is not a democracy! Ve always vaste so much time arguing about names, I'm shick of it! I came up mit "Operation: Brew-Halt" and zat's ze name!

Silence. The Baron sighs.

BARON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. It's just zat I shtart to feel so cooped up in these U-Boats.

He chucks Otto on the shoulder.

BARON (CONT'D)
Who vants to go blow up some equipment?!

Their excitement quickly resumes.

EXT. WOLF BREWERY - NIGHT

All is still. The Brewery is vacant when... something stirs in the bushes. Six dark figures, dressed as Ninjas emerge from the brush. Though their faces are blackened, their platinum blond hair shines in the darkness.

One pulls SOME KEYS from his pocket. They slip inside.

INT. WOLF BREWERY - NEXT DAY

TIGHT ON Jan, naked and wearing goggles, inside a vat of fluid a la *Altered States*.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Jan is actually floating in a giant glass vat of beer. Fink takes notes on a clipboard.

FINK
Osmosis will increase your tolerance. Rather than just absorbing through the mouth, you're absorbing beer into every pore simultaneously.

LANDFILL
Sweet, can I do it?

FINK
We're all gonna do it.

LANDFILL
(staring wistfully)
Can you imagine drinking your way out of that?

TODD
What about the boot?

FINK
(annoyed)
Still haven't cracked it yet.

Fink turns to a blackboard full of diagrams of the boot, equations, etc. Landfill starts to erase some numbers.

FINK (CONT'D)
Don't do that!

LANDFILL
I know how to solve it. You just have to ubangee it.

FINK
Ubangee it?

LANDFILL
You wrap your lips around it. Make a hermetic seal and swallow.

Landfill grabs a keg cup full of beer and proceeds to wrap his huge mouth around the outside rim. He slams his head back and downs the contents.

FINK
Impressive, but try wrapping your lips around this.

Fink places a BOOT of beer on the table. It's considerably larger than the cup Landfill ubangee'd. Landfill picks it up and tries to wrap his mouth around the rim. He pulls and stretches his lips, but no can do.

FINK (CONT'D)
Didn't think so.

Fink turns back to the board when... The door opens. Cherry enters. The guys play it cool. Cherry spots Jan.

CHERRY
What on earth is he doin'?

From inside the vat, Jan throws Cherry a wave.

FINK
Quality control.

CHERRY
Who the hell are you?

FINK
Steve Finkelstein...new quality control... guy.

CHERRY
Then you should come along too. Todd, you might not care, but there's some sort of problem in the Vat Room.

INT. WOLF BREWERY - VAT ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Four vats have huge holes in them as beer ingredients gush all over the floor. Todd, Fink, Landfill & Barry stand in the middle of the mess in rubber boots. Jan stands nearby (or barely stands). He looks wasted.

TODD
Isn't it weird they all cracked like this?

FOREMAN
Well, they're pretty old... We're gonna have to shut down production for a few days until we get it fixed.

Meanwhile, in the background, Landfill eyes the brown liquid on the floor. He looks around. With no one watching he scoops some up a handful and takes a taste. Hmm, not bad. He scoops up some more.

BARRY
What the hell are you doing?

LANDFILL
This ain't half bad.

Landfill takes another slurp. Fink is intrigued. He sticks his finger in the sludge on the floor. Tastes.

FINK
Hey! What was in this vat here?

TODD
Roast barley.

FINK
And that one?

TODD
Uh... Brown malt.

FINK
Of course.
(tastes again)
With an aggressive hops rate... You guys have a stout on your hands.

JAN
What?

FINK
Your mess has created a tasty dark beer.

They all take a scoop from the floor. They taste.

TODD
This IS good... Jan, remember a few years ago when Grandpa considered diversifying. He wanted to put out a dark beer...

Jan just stares at him, drunkenly blank-faced.

JAN
(slurring)
Grandpa was cool.

TODD
Anyway, they ended up ditching the dark beer idea in favor of a low-cal strawberry-flavored beer.

LANDFILL
"She-Wolf." I remember that. Went over like a fart in church.

TODD
We could start brewing a dark Wolf beer. If it catches on? Great. If it doesn't? We'll have something to train with.

The guys all respond positively. Suddenly Jan swims by, doing the back stroke.

EXT. THE GUTEN MORGEN MOTEL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. THE GUTEN MORGEN MOTEL - DAY

CU on a fax machine coming to life. The Baron rips a fax from the tray, reads and throws it down in disgust.

BARON
DIVERSIFYING?!?! SCHEISSE!

CLOSE ON the fax. It's a promotional mock up ad for the new "Black Wolf." A black cartoon wolf character with bloodshot eyes gives the thumbs up.

Otto enters and picks up the piece of paper.

OTTO
Oh! Look at ze funny wolf!

The Baron glares.

EXT. WOLF BREWERY PARKING LOT - DAY

A BLACK WOLF DELIVERY TRUCK idles in the lot. Todd, Fink, Barry & Landfill admire the logo. Jan slaps the side of the truck. As it makes it's way out of the lot across the SMALL WOODEN BRIDGE, the guys head for the brewery door.

ANGLE ON the bushes near the bridge. The Germans huddle around a detonator. As the truck drives onto the bridge, Rolf plunges the lever and...

KABOOM! The bridge EXPLODES in a mass of shattered wood. The truck tumbles into the water.

In the bushes, the Germans quietly high-five.

Todd, Jan, Fink, Barry & Landfill race toward the bridge. They see the driver stumble up out of the water and collapse on the riverbank.

JAN
Pete! Are you ok?

They rush to his aid. The driver coughs up some water. Looks like he's ok. Fink loosens his collar. Landfill pulls off a boot and spins it, dumping the water out.

TODD
Cracking vats, collapsing bridges! Somebody's gonna get killed. Hey Fink we should...

But Fink's eyes are glued to Landfill. He watches Landfill spin the water out of the driver's other boot.

TODD (CONT'D)
Fink?

FINK
That's it! That's it!

JAN
What?

FINK
THE BOOT! That's the key!!! Come on!

They all rush off, leaving the driver lying on the bank.

INT. WOLF BREWERY - DAY

Fink has it all on the blackboard. The boot, the diagrams. Der bubble.

FINK
It's simple really. As the bubble approaches, we spin the boot clockwise, using gravity to dissolve it AND project it down our throats!

Jan gives it a try. He drinks, then spins the boot at the right moment and VOILA! The beer sails down his gullet.

JAN
AMAZING! Nothin's gonna stop us now!

ROCKY MUSIC SOARS AS WE LAUNCH INTO OUR "SUCCESS" MONTAGE

THE BREWERY. Our guys practice spinning the boot. Smooth as silk. Off to the side, Landfill still tries to stretch his lips around the rim. No good.

AN IRISH BAR. St Patty's Day. Our guys line up vs. some Irish fellas in a green beer line chug. We win easily.

DOCTOR'S OFFICE. Jan is on the scale. His belly hangs over his boxers. The doctor frowns. He listens to Jan's chest and shakes his head. Jan turns and hi-fives Todd.

LANDFILL'S HOUSE. Landfill's at the dinner table wrapping his mouth around a glass. He spots a vase on the table and gives that a shot. As he struggles to stretch his lips, he looks up to see his wife staring at him.

JAN'S YARD. Our guys toast bottles of *MOTLEY'S SUMMER ALE*, signaling the transition from SPRING to SUMMER. They all look... even heavier. Barry loosens his belt a notch.

ON THE BEACH. Our guys play a fierce game of Volleybeer vs. a team of hot bikini'd chicks. Like volleyball, but each player has a beer at their feet. Object is to knock over the opponents' beers. Our guys are crushing the ladies and looking extremely confident in the process.

TAILOR SHOP. Our guys get fitted for fancy (big) suits. They step outside in their new threads just as Fink pulls up in a brand new Rolls ... oops wait... wrong montage.

JAN'S YARD. Todd enters with a sixpack of *DALRYMPLE'S AUTUMN BREW*, they toast and drink, signaling the transition from SUMMER to FALL.

THE BREWERY. Barry is an ace with the big wooden coin. Fink is fluent at the Monkey chug (despite the fact that his yarmulke keeps falling off.) Meanwhile, Jan & Todd finally help Landfill stretch his mouth over the boot! He tries to drink, but the boot just pops out. They all pause, then fall over for a good "montage" belly laugh.

JAN'S YARD. Each of our guys polishes off their own pitcher. As they finish, Jan kicks at the keg in front of them. It flops over empty. Then he kicks another... empty. And another. Three empty kegs. They congratulate each other. AS THE MUSIC FADES...

TODD
One month to go. I think it's time for a "professional" warm up match.

JAN
What'd you have in mind?

Todd pulls out the business card from the Canadian at Beerfest. "Chad Tkachuk, Proprietor, The Murdered Moose Tavern, Thunder Bay, Ontario." Jan smiles.

TODD
(to the others)
We met a guy from the Canadian team when we were in Germany.

LANDFILL
Let's go kill 'em!

TODD
They train up in Thunder Bay...

LANDFILL
Sounds like a pussy town!

JAN
...at a bar called The Murdered Moose.

LANDFILL
SOUNDS LIKE A GAY BAR!!!

TODD
Road trip anyone?

LANDFILL
YEAAHH!!!

FINK
Could you stop yelling in my ear?

LANDFILL
(right in Fink's face)
EAT IT, NERD!!!!

EXT. THE MURDERED MOOSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. THE MURDERED MOOSE - NIGHT

Our Canadian friend, Chad Tkachuk, and the rest of the CANADIAN TEAM stand around an AIR HOCKEY TABLE. Each has a paddle and protects a pint glass from the puck. When a guy's glass gets hit, he chugs the pint.

Suddenly, Chad does a double-take toward the front door... Jan and Todd stand framed in the bar's entrance.

CHAD
Hah! Last time I saw you two, you were wearin' yer Grandpa's ashes as a hat.

Suddenly Fink, Barry & Landfill enter and flank Jan & Todd. Chad immediately understands.

CHAD (CONT'D)
I take it you ain't here for the french fries and gravy.

Chad smiles and crosses to a HUGE WAYNE GRETZKY POSTER on the wall. He removes the two bottom tacks. The poster rolls up like a window shade, revealing a hidden tunnel.

INT. THE MURDERED MOOSE CELLAR - NIGHT

The Americans and Canadians emerge from the tunnel into a wood-panelled sports lounge/training room. They take it all in, clearly psyched for some real competition.

CUT TO:

AT THE CHUG TABLE, a Canadian (Donny) chugs a pitcher of beer. Another teammate (Bobby) encourages him.

BOBBY
That's right, Donny. Tilt that head. Watch the throat dere. Nice.

Opposite them, Landfill holds his own.

FINK
YEAH LANDO!

ANGLE ON the Quarters table. Jan and Barry sink shot for shot with the Canucks. The drinking goes back and forth.

Meanwhile, the Canadians eye each other. "These guys are good." They whisper amongst themselves.

TALL-POUR COMPETITION. Fink and a Canadian (Ronny) are on top of a ladder, each pouring a beer into the mouth of their partner below.

Ron, in the middle of a perfect pour, whispers to Fink.

RONNY
Hey dere.
(points down to Landfill)
(MORE)

RONNY (CONT'D)
Dat big guy down dere said you were the weak link on the team. Is that right?

Fink looks down at Landfill... and loses concentration. He starts to pour beer all over his face. Landfill gags and glares up at Fink.

SHUFFLE BEER. Landfill squares off against Donny. He downs his beer.

DONNY
You can put 'em away, eh? Ya know, you should consider changing citizenship and joining a team that REALLY knows how ta train. These guys are holdin' ya back.

Landfill pauses. Then shoots. He misses badly.

ACROSS THE ROOM, Chad approaches Jan.

CHAD
You guys are lookin' good. If you just had an extra month or two ta train, you could compete wit us. It's too bad.

JAN
I think we're doin' just fine.

CHAD
Do ya? Well, I told my guys ta go easy on ya 'cause you're rookies. I'll tell 'em to stop holdin' back.
(to room)
Alright! How aboot a little pong!

Ronny steps forward. Chad leans into Jan.

CHAD (CONT'D)
You'll be glad to know that Ronny here was the Canadian National Pong Champ.

With that, Jan rushes over to Barry.

JAN
You gotta take this guy.

BARRY
(glares)
I told you once. I don't play pong.

JAN
Cut the shit. This is the real thing.

BARRY
I DON'T FUCKIN' PLAY FUCKIN' PONG!!!

JAN
Don't FUCKIN' YELL AT ME!

Todd rushes over.

TODD
C'mon! We're losing our composure here.

LANDFILL
Yeah, these Canucks are trying to get under our heads!

JAN
(re: Barry)
We need him at the pong table!

BARRY
Fuck you!

Todd eyes Barry with disgust.

TODD
I knew you couldn't deliver.

BARRY
Yeah?! I delivered it to your wife just fine when I double teamed her with Silo Johnson!

Jan and Fink gasp. The Canadians "ooo."

BARRY (CONT'D)
That's right. It was a three way. Never knew that, huh?

JAN
(shocked)
With "The Silo?"

BARRY
The one and only.

DONNY
I bet he wasn't storin' corn in dat thing.

POW! Todd POPS Barry. Jan, Landfill & Fink try to break it up. It's a melee... again. They finally separate.

TODD
That's it! You're off the team, Barry! You're done!

BARRY
GOOD!

Barry storms outs. The Canadians smile.

CHAD
Looks like da States ain't so United, eh?

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Jan, Todd, Fink & Landfill are squeezed inside, driving back to the U.S. They look dejected... and drunk.

As they scream down the highway, they glance to the side. Also riding in a cab, is Barry. He gives them the finger.

EXT. JAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Cab pulls up. Jan & Todd are last out. On the meter: $274.40. Jan does the Hinesy shuffle. Todd sighs and pays.

INT. JAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jan and Todd slump on the couch.

JAN
I thought we were ready...

TODD
I guess you were wrong.

Jan pops on the TV. The News is going to commercial...

JAN
Jesus Christ...

ON THE TV The members of the German Team walk through a snowy field. Rolf and Otto address the camera.

ROLF
You know, many of you Americans are intimidated by German beer, but zat's just downright crazy.

OTTO
It's true. Years und years of oppressive monarchies und dictatorships haf made us incredibly rigorous when it comes to qvality control.

ROLF
Und zat translates into only the finest beer being passed on to ze consumer. Zat's you.

OTTO
Why just ze other day, I opened up a bottle of your Americanische "Wolf Beer," and found a rat's fetus inside. Ach!

He holds up the bottle with a rat fetus inside.

SCHLEMMER
Ja! Ze last time I opened a "Wolf Beer" zere was a human finger in ze bottle!

He shows the finger in a bottle. They shake their heads.

OTTO
So don't take any chances. Better to just shtay clear of zis inferior brand. ... DON'T drink "Wolf Beer."

Slow oompah music plays over an X'd out Wolf Beer logo. Finally, the Baron's face pops on screen.

BARON VON WOLFHAUSEN
I'm Wolfgang Von Wolfhausen, und I approve of zis commercial.

ANGLE ON Jan & Todd dumbfounded.

JAN
Those fucks!

INT. WOLF BREWERY OFFICE - DAY

Jan & Todd are doing damage control with Cherry. The phones ring off the hook. Cherry fields them like a pro.

CHERRY (INTO PHONE)
It's completely false... No, the brewery is remaining open.
(hangs up)
The FDA is sending a team down this week to inspect the premises... What on earth is goin' on here? That commercial must have been on every station!

TODD
The Germans are trying to bring us down 'cause we wouldn't sell to them.

Another phone rings. Jan picks it up.

JAN
Remember what those vets said? Germans are sneaky, shifty bastards!
(into phone)
Hello?... Oh hey Gam Gam... No, I didn't mean anything by that...Pig's fetus? No. It's just a smear campaign... a "smear" campaign... a "SHMEAR" campaign... we're going to get it all straightened out. Don't worry...Ok...

Jan hangs up. The phones continue to ring.

CHERRY
Look, I'll handle these. You boys do what you need to do.

TODD
Thanks for helpin' us out on a Saturday, Cherry.

CHERRY
Anything for you boys. (into phone) Wolf Brewery... No sir. Completely false.

INT. JAN & TODD'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Jan & Todd enter. Fink is there waiting for them. He looks distraught. A big sack is slung over his shoulder.

FINK
I'm quitting the team.

JAN
What are you talking about?!

FINK
I've been fired. From the lab. Due to slipping performance.

JAN
Gimme a break. So a couple of frogs didn't get their Round The World.

FINK
I don't know how it happened, but somehow I cloned a batch of monkey-frogs.

TODD
Don't they hand out Nobel prizes for that kind of shit?

FINK
They're hideous.

He puts the sack on the table. The bag twitches. It's MOVING. Jan & Todd peer inside. "Ew. Gross"

FINK (CONT'D)
I'm ruined.

JAN
Aw, come on, Fink. Don't quit. We'll get you a job here. Resident alchemist.

TODD
(looking offscreen)
Landfill!?

They turn to see Landfill standing in the doorway. Tears stream down his face.

JAN
Are you alright?

LANDFILL
My wife left me. She found out I went to Canada to get drunk. Said it was the last straw. She took the kids and left.

FINK
You have kids?

Jan tries to put an arm around Landfill, who moves away.

LANDFILL
I'm okay. I just... need a... beer.

He slowly exits. The rest stand in silence.

TODD
That's it. I'm packin' this in.

JAN
The team?

TODD
Everything. The team. The brewery. I'm gonna see if the Germans still want it.

JAN
Are you crazy? We're not selling this fucking brewery! This is war, man! We've put too much into it to sell out now!

TODD
This from the guy who wanted to turn the place into a chocolate factory?! Let it go, Jan. It's over.

Todd exits. Silence.

INT. BREW FLOOR - NIGHT

Landfill walks alone along the catwalk above the vats. Tears well in his eyes as he thinks about the good times.

Suddenly, he stops. He hears a strange sound in the distance. Like somebody talking on a ham radio. Puzzled, he follows the sound into the bowels of the brewery. He can distinctly hear the sound of ...German.

He sneaks around a corner, and there huddled in a corner, he sees CHERRY! ...speaking German into a ham radio.

CHERRY
...Schwarzemaiden to Iron Eagle! Schwarzemaiden to Iron Eagle! Come in Iron Eagle!...

Landfill GASPS. Cherry looks up. They lock eyes.

LANDFILL
You!

CHERRY
Now, now. Don't be rash, Phillip.

LANDFILL
How did they get to you?

She laughs and switches into a German accent.

CHERRY
I vas in the employ of ze Von Wolfhausens long before I came to zis shithole.

She pulls a Luger from her coat and points it at him...

Without thinking, Landfill CHARGES! They grapple for control of the Luger. A huge black woman against a beer-bellied chugmeister. Clearly an even match.

They struggle, bouncing off equipment, balancing precariously along the catwalk. Landfill starts to gain control, when BAM! Cherry head-butts him, sending him careening. He stumbles backward, flips over the rail and plummets into a GIANT VAT OF BEER.

He struggles mightily, but can't get out. The sides are too slippery. The thick liquid pulls him down.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
(back in Big Momma voice)
That the yeast, baby. It like quicksand.

Cherry laughs as Landfill slips to the bottom.

UNDER THE SURFACE. We see a look of determination come over Landfill. And he starts to DRINK! Drink for his very life! He's going to drink his way out, by god!

With each gulp, the level of the beer begins to drop. He just might drink his way out of the vat!

But then sadly, inevitably, he slows. It's a valiant effort, but it's too much beer, even for this behemoth. He stops. One last bubble. Then it's over. He's dead.

Cherry smiles and sneaks off along the catwalk.

INT. BREW FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

Jan walks along the catwalk, looking for Landfill.

JAN
Hey Landfill! You alright? Hey, come on! Let's have a beer together and talk about it! Landfill?

Looking down, his eyes stop on the vat containing his friend. Landfill looks up at him with dead eyes, underneath two feet of beer. Jan drops to his knees.

EXT. BREWERY - NIGHT

Down by the river, Fink ties a cinderblock to his burlap sack of monkey-frogs and prepares to fling it into the river when... Jan's SCREAM PIERCES THE AIR.

JAN (O.S.)
NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Fink drops the sack and runs to the brewery.

INT. BREWERY - NIGHT

Jan, Todd & Fink try to lug Landfill's body along the brewery floor. They're all dripping wet, sticky ...and crying. They keep dropping Landfill's heavy body.

EXT. BREWERY - NIGHT

A CORONER'S WAGON drives off into the night. Todd, Jan & Fink sit with wool blankets over their shoulders.

One by one, each stands and walks away. Jan is last. He takes a lingering look at the brewery, shakes his head, and takes off.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: **Beer Fact -- In old England, when pub customers got unruly, the bartender would yell at them to mind their own pints and quarts of beer and settle down. Hence the phrase "mind your P's and Q's".**

EXT. WEEPING HEARTS CEMETERY - DAY

Gloomy. Doomy. Orlando Bloomy. Landfill's funeral. Mourners dressed in black. Sobs fill the air.

Scattered separately throughout the crowd are Jan, Todd, Fink & Barry. They uncomfortably make eye contact.

MINISTER
Phil Krundle was a good man and a good husband to his wife, Christine.

Landfill's WIFE sits in the front pew, a black veil covering her face. Sobbing mightily. The guys watch her, remorsefully. Feeling somehow guilty.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
He was an upstanding member of the community, loved by all... Now he will be eulogized by his close friend, Steve Finkelstein.

Surprised, the guys watch Fink head up to the dais.

FINK
(clears his throat)
Landfill is the name that I knew Phil Krundle by. Land-fill. I never knew that it was a play on words until now. It's quite clever. But that was Landfill. Clever. Especially clever... (choking up) when you consider... that... he never...
(fighting back the tears)
... went to college.

ANGLE ON the guys in the crowd. Lower lips quivering, also struggling not to cry.

Then Fink breaks down in a fit of sobs. He can't go on. As he stumbles from the dais, Jan, Todd & Barry all come to his aid and console him.

INT. LANDFILL'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Funeral reception. Mourners eat, drink and chat quietly.

INT. LANDFILL'S DEN - SAME TIME

Jan, Todd, Fink & Barry sit. They look down. The silence is uncomfortable. Todd takes a sip of beer. "Blech" It just doesn't taste the same. Then...

Breaking the silence is a "CLICK CLICK CLICK." Jan and Todd recognize the slow tap of a cane entering the room.

JAN
Gam Gam?

Great Gam Gam stands in the doorway.

TODD
What are you doing here?

GREAT GAM GAM
I too came to pay my respects to a good man. But unlike you, I am not weeping.

TODD
We're not weeping. We're mourning, Gam Gam. One of our best friends died.

Gam Gam has an angry glint in her eyes. One we've never seen before. Barry stands and holds out his hand.

BARRY
A pleasure to see you again, Gam Gam.

She spits in his palm.

GREAT GAM GAM
I will not shake ze hand of a man mitout courage.
(to Jan and Todd)
Vhen vere you going to tell me?

TODD
Tell you what?

GREAT GAM GAM
That you aren't competing in ze Beerfest?

TODD
How did you know?

GREAT GAM GAM
I could see it in your weeping.

JAN
We weren't fucking weeping, Gam-Gam!

Her gaze snaps toward him like a hungry panther. She SMACKS him in the neck with her cane.

GREAT GAM GAM
ONE DEATH UND YOU SCURRY FROM BEERFEST LIKE A HOLSHEFTEN MITOUT ITS TAIL?

JAN
How do you even know about Beerfest?

BARRY
Maybe I should leave.

GREAT GAM GAM
Stay put, you. I vant you and ze Jew to hear zis, too.
(to Jan and Todd)
I want you to hear ze true story of your Grandfather, Johan Von Wolfhausen.

Todd and Jan look at each other.

GREAT GAM GAM (CONT'D)
It is true, ze Baron Ludwig Von Wolfhausen fell in love mit a beautiful, young, Bavarian whore. And she bore him a son... We named him Johan.

TODD
So, you <u>really</u> <u>were</u> a whore, Gam-Gam?

GREAT GAM GAM
(re: scar on her cheek)
What do you think zis scar is?

JAN
I always thought it was from a marzipan accident.

GREAT GAM GAM
IT IS THE MARK OF THE WHORE!

They gasp!

DISSOLVE TO FLASHBACK:

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A horse & carriage rest by a forest road. A HORSEMAN sits, drinking from a VON WOLFHAUSEN beer stein.

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
You see, Baron Ludwig and I were in love.

CAMERA PANS to a beautiful YOUNG GAM-GAM, on top of YOUNG BARON LUDWIG, facing the other way, riding him like a bronco. He has a firm grip on her pigtails.

YOUNG GAM-GAM
Ja! Ja! Ja!

BARON LUDWIG
Oh Sheisse! Sheisse!

GREAT GAM-GAM (V.O.)
But he was in an arranged marriage to a young Baroness.

INT. BIRTH ROOM - NIGHT

YOUNG GAM GAM holds a BABY in her arms.

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
Ze Baroness knew nothing of ze affair, or of ze birth of your Grandfather, Johan.

INT. BARON'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

The Baroness gives birth as Baron Ludwig stands by drinking from a Von Wolfhausen beer stein.

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
Baron Ludwig kept it a secret, even after the Baroness gave birth to her first child, Wolfgang, the current Baron.

TODD (V.O.)
So wait, Johan was the first born son?

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
Yes. Johan was the first born.

INT. BARON'S STABLES - NIGHT

The Horseman has his arm in a horse, testing for pregnancy. Baron Ludwig enters with baby Johan. The Horseman pulls his arm out and takes the baby.

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
Baron Ludwig had his horseman say he was the father, so that Johan would be raised close to him.

INT. BARON'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

An ill Baron Ludwig lies on his deathbed. The Baroness and YOUNG WOLFGANG stand nearby.

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
On his deathbed, Ludwig told ze Baroness that the shtable boy, Johan, was ze true heir to ze Von Wolfhausen Brewery.

EXT. GERMAN VILLAGE - DAY

The Baroness, teenage Wolfgang and a large group of VILLAGERS, chase a tarred and feathered Gam Gam and TEENAGE JOHAN from the town.

GREAT GAM GAM (V.O.)
But when Ludwig died, the Baroness accused Johan of shtealing the family beer recipe unt had us tarred und feathered und run out of town on a rail.

INT. LANDFILL'S DEN - PRESENT

The guys are listening, rapt.

GREAT GAM GAM
And that's when we came to zis great country... America. Land... of ze free.
(sighs)
I always thought Johan would get a chance at retribution. But that day never came. So... zat is why I sent you to Munich.

TODD
(shocked)
You what?

GREAT GAM GAM
That's right. Ashes pouring ceremony... bull sheisse! I hired ze man in black to take you to ze competition. To meet your scum relatives. To bring back our honor. You two are ze rightful heirs to ze Von Wolfhausen brewery. You should have ze balls to take back what is yours.

FINK
Wow, you even talk like a whore.

GREAT GAM GAM
We are all whores in some way, Mr. Finkelshtein.
(she stands)
You boys are a team. Und a good one. Take pride in zat. If you can't do it for your Grandfather ... or your country ... or your dead friend... do it for yourselves.

Everyone sits in silence. Thinking. Until...

BARRY
I can't do it. I just can't...
(off their looks)
It happened a couple of years after college. I was in Thailand. Playing ping pong in Ding Dang. I was hustling a few guys in an opium den. Turned out they were the wrong guys to hustle. After they finished caning me, they held me down and... this is really hard to say... they shoved a ping pong paddle up my ass.

Mouths drop open. Silence.

BARRY (CONT'D)
It's... never... been the same. I'm damaged goods.

Fink puts his hand on Barry's shoulder.

FINK
Gosh, Barry, I'm so sorry. I don't know what I'd do if someone shoved a paddle handle up my ass.

BARRY
It wasn't the handle.
(off the slow understanding)
I've shit pancakes ever since.

Gam Gam approaches Barry.

GREAT GAM GAM
I've had all kinds of things shoved up my ass, Mr. McCormick. I got over it. You vill too.

With that, Gam Gam exits, shutting the door behind her. The guys watch her go, admiring her wisdom. Then...

BARRY
How many guys you think she's fucked?

Todd, Jan, and Fink all look to Barry. He's obviously pulled it back together. He picks up a can of beer.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Let's do it for Landfill... and Johan!

He punches a hole, pops the top and slams it down.

BARRY (CONT'D)
BEEEEEYUUUURP!

Todd, Jan, and Fink grab fresh ones and follow suit.

JAN, TODD & FINK
BRAAAAAP!!!

They all breathe heavily, fire in their eyes.

FINK
One question: who are we gonna get to replace Landfill?

The guys look at each other: *good question*. Then...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Jan opens the door. And who should be standing there, but...

... Landfill???

Jaws drop. Jan slowly backs away. Landfill enters. He sees the beer cans with the shotgun holes in them.

LANDFILL
Now this is what I was hoping to find!

Fink runs to the window, opens it, and gets sick.

TODD
(smiling, kind of crazy)
L-Landfill? You're alive?

Long, weird pause.

LANDFILL
No... I'm Landfill's twin brother. I taught him everything he knew about drinking. And I wanna fulfill his legacy by being on your drinking team.
(extends his hand)
The names B-Pit.

FINK
'B' as in "Brad"?

LANDFILL'S BROTHER
No. 'B' as in Bottomless.
(the guys put it together)
You must be Fink.

FINK
How'd you know?

LANDFILL'S BROTHER
Landfill told me everything about you guys. So we won't have that awkward "get to know each other" stage. The transition should be seamless. I went to college so I won't have those crazy resentments that my brother had. AND...
(to Todd & Jan)
I don't hate you guys for firing me, 'cause I never worked for you...

JAN
Right on!

LANDFILL'S BROTHER
And if I could ask one favor...

TODD
Name it.

LANDFILL'S BROTHER
If it wouldn't make you too uncomfortable... I'd like for you to call me "Landfill." To honor him.

FINK
Wow. It... would... be like we never lost Landfill.

With that, our five teammates look into the camera and smile until Todd motions to some beers on the table...

TODD
Landfill, it would be our honor if you would join us in...

Say no more. Landfill 2 (now "Landfill") pulls out Landfill's SHUCKING KNIFE and pops a hole in each beer. He shotguns them, clenches his fists and plants his feet.

LANDFILL
BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRP!!!

Pictures fall off the walls, furniture slides across the floor, the guys faces ripple like they're in a wind tunnel. Then it hits them... the burp fucking stinks. They all fan the air in front of their noses.

FINK
Eeyech. What is that? Bratwurst?

JAN
Uch, it even smells like Landfill!

TODD
Someone, open a window, fast!

Jan heads for the window.

BARRY
No! Don't! I wanna bask in it.

FINK
Yeah.. Yeah.... Let it be.

JAN
Welcome back, Landfill....
(shakes his hand)
Now let's go get sour on some Krauts!

They all hug hard.

SUPER: **Beer Fact -- On July 20, 1969 Neil Armstrong became the first man to walk on the moon. When Commander Armstrong planted the American Flag in the moon's surface, to his surprise, beer spurted out.**

FADE IN:

Editor's Note: Upon further review, the previous Beerfact is bullshit. Ironically, the Beerfact researcher was drunk and has been suspended without pay.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The trip to Munich. The guys are all present.

CAMERA PANS: BARRY bounces peanuts off the tray table, off the back of the chair and into his mouth.

FINK experiments with his airplane meal. He scrapes the icing off a cupcake, mixes it with his salad dressing and drops it in his beer. The beer is absorbed instantly.

LANDFILL stops the FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

LANDFILL
'Scuse me? I'd like 25 beers please.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Uh... sure... That'll be $175.

As the Attendant hands over the beers, Jan notices that they are... WOLF BEERS.

JAN
Hey alright! You sell Wolf Beer!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Yeah, it's great isn't it? We've started serving it on all our flights... Have you seen those commercials with the German guys? They're hilarious!

Jan & Todd share a surprised look.

INT. MUNICH AIRPORT - EVENING

A bustling airport. The guys walk under a sign: "OKTOBERFESTERS! WELCOME TO MUNCHEN." A hot girl passes.

BARRY
I'll tell you what I'd like to be munchin' right now.

TODD
(looking offscreen)
What the hell?

Todd stops at an airport bar. On the TV is CNN. The inset over the ANCHOR'S shoulder is the WOLF BEER LOGO.

ANCHORMAN
... the brewery, whose profits have plummeted since the 50's, has quite literally bounced back overnight. Thanks in part to a clever advertising campaign which depicts fake Germans pretending to discover animal parts in the beer.

CUT TO the German's commercial. The Anchorman chuckles.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
That gets me every time... Wolf Beer got an additional boost as the ad campaign spurred a rash of celebrity support.

CUT TO JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE wearing a WOLF BEER HAT sideways.

CUT TO Paris Hilton in a home sex video drinking WOLF.

CUT TO Courtney Love passed out in a gutter with her tits hanging out and a can of Wolf Beer in her hand.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
Sounds like good things are <u>brewing</u> over at Wolf Beer. "Bock" to you, Amber.

The Anchorman and Anchorwoman laugh good and hard.

The guys watch, stunned.

FINK
Congratulations, guys! You turned it around!

TODD
We ALL turned it around.

BARRY
Yeah, but YOU get the profits...

Todd and Barry eye each other.

JAN
Alright! Let's go beat those Germans!

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Oktoberfesters pour through the streets. Our guys walk past the station and into the alley.

TODD
This is where we started.
(looks around, to Jan)
Care to do the honors?

JAN
Uh, o-kay.

Jan tentatively heads down the narrow, winding alley. He turns into another narrow, winding alley.

JAN (CONT'D)
I think this is the way, right?

TODD
Uh, yeah, this seems right.

The others grow suspicious.

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT

Jan doesn't recognizing anything. He spots another alley. It's clearly unfamiliar territory. Jan stops.

BARRY
Are we lost?

JAN
Uh ... listen, fellas, we were shitfaced when we did this.

BARRY
WHAT??

JAN
We were drunk!

LANDFILL
We've been training for an ENTIRE YEAR, lost our jobs and family members and you don't EVEN KNOW WHERE IT IS???!

JAN
Technically, you haven't been training --

BARRY
Aw Jesus Christ!

FINK
OK! HOLD ON! I know how we can find it.

ALL
What? Really? How?

FINK
A study I did in college: Finkelstein's Theory on the Effects of Alcohol in the Medial Temporal Lobes.
(off their blank stares)
A.K.A: "Drunken Recall." I gave people booze and taught them things while they were blacked out. Naturally, they had no memory of it the next day. But, when I got them drunk again, they remembered everything. It's fascinating really...

BARRY
That's the biggest bunch of bullshit I ever heard.

FINK
Hey! I got it published!

BARRY
Where, asshole?

FINK
Maxim Magazine, asshole. Under the title "E = MC Hammered."

BARRY
Fuck, I saw that...

TODD
You proved this?

FINK
I proved it on <u>you</u>.

TODD
No you didn't.

FINK
Todd, the reason you sing French love songs when you're drunk is because I taught you to.

TODD
What? I don't sing French love songs when I'm drunk.

JAN & BARRY
Yes you do.

LANDFILL
Come on! Let's do this!

FINK
One problem: One of you is gonna have to get black out drunk. That'll make us a man short. How can we win with four guys?

This sinks in. They look at each other.

BARRY
Well, I ain't goin' home now. The rest of us will just have to pick up the slack. Like a team.

FINK
Okay, who was more wasted?

Jan points to Todd as Todd sheepishly raises his hand.

TODD
I hadn't eaten very much.
(beat)
Now I should point out that we <u>have</u> been training for a drinking competition. I don't know if I can get drunk that easy.

CUT TO:

TODD SINGING IN FRENCH, an almost empty bottle of Jagermeister in his hand.

TODD (CONT'D)
(gently)
Quand il me prend dans ses bras/ Il me parle tout bras/ Je vois la vie en rose --

FINK
Houston, we have a drunk guy.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Like a bloodhound following the stinkiest trail ever, Todd drunkenly weaves his way through the back alleys. The guys have to trot to keep up with him.

TODD
German Shepherd! German kid! Tricycle!

Sure enough, they pass the German Kid circling the dog.

GERMAN KID
(Ring around the Rosie)
Danke danke bitte. Danke danke bitte.

JAN
I don't remember that.

TODD
Left! Emcee from Cabaret! Right! Human sausage!

On the left the Cabaret Guy beckons them with a wink. Through a door on the right, Sausage Lady shoves a human leg into her meat grinder... Then Todd stops cold.

At the end of the alley is a black, metal door. Todd approaches and bangs on it. A SLAT slides open.

BOUNCER
Der Pashword?

Todd hesitates. The other guys watch in anticipation.

LANDFILL
C'mon, Todd. You can do it.

But Todd seems stymied. That's when Fink rushes forward and gives Todd another shot of booze. Todd downs it, bends his knees, closes his eyes, and miraculously...

TODD
YODELAYDEEHOOODLE DOOOO! DOOODLE DOOOOO!

"Yes!" The guys hi-five. Until...

BOUNCER
Dat vas last year's pashword.

The Bouncer slams the slat shut.

JAN
Dammit.

BARRY
I have an idea...

INT. BEERFEST TUNNEL - NIGHT

The Bouncer sits by the door. Until... CLANG CLANG CLANG!

He opens the slat. Nothing. *Hmm, dat eez strange.* He cautiously opens the door.

Nothing is there but a giant wooden keg with a note: "GOOD LUCK MIT ZE COMPETITION. SERVE WHILE COLD. COMPLIMENTS OF BARON VON WOLFHAUSEN"

With a grunt, he shrugs and pushes the big barrel in... and DOWN THE BIG STAIRS. The keg PLUMMETS...

INT. BEERFEST HALL - CONTINUOUS

Teams warm up. The stands are filling. Suddenly the giant keg CRASHES in from the stairway. WHAM! The crowd GASPS. The keg splinters. Our boys lay there, dizzy and in pain.

BARRY
(to Todd)
I guess you forgot about those stairs.

No one knows what to make of them. The place buzzes. Above, Baron Von Wolfhausen looks down from his perch.

BARON
SILENCE!

The crowd quiets immediately.

BARON (CONT'D)
Ze old Trojan Keg. Very clever for Americans... What do you want!?

JAN
We came to kick some GERMAN ASS!

TODD
(wasted)
YEAH!!

The Baron laughs. His grandsons join. Then the crowd.

BARON
Get zem out of here!

The Bouncers approach.

JAN
Hold on! We came here to honor our Grandfather, Johan Von Wolfhausen!

ROLF
The shtable boy?! Hah!

JAN
No. The half brother of Wolfgang. The OLDER half brother. And the rightful heir to the Von Wolfhausen brewery.

GASPS from the crowd.

BARON
Oh puh-lease. Zat's garbage. Johan wasn't even Ludwig's true offspring!

JAN
Really? Look at the portrait! Look at my brother! Not a true offspring?

Spectators look to the portrait of LUDWIG holding a beer stein. Then they look at Todd. Jan poses his drunk brother in the exact same position as Ludwig. They could be identical twins. The crowd GASPS again.

JAN (CONT'D)
You know it's true. And you know your brewery is our brewery.

BARON
(nervous)
Hah! Even if your silly fairy-tale was true, we have a little saying in Germany. "Possession is 9/10 of the law." GUARDS!

JAN
WAIT! We came here to drink. And we deserve to drink... Now are you gonna let us do that or are you afraid of getting your asses kicked?

SPECTATOR #1
Let zem drink!

SPECTATOR #2
Ya! Let zem compete!

The sentiment gathers momentum...

CROWD
Let zem drink! Let zem drink! Let zem drink! Let zem drink! Etc.

ROLF
Grandpapa, we crushed them once. We can do it again. Let us humiliate them.

The Baron thinks.

BARON
Vhy not? For shits and giggle.
(to crowd)
Very well. Let zem drink!

The crowd goes nut. Our guys high five.

INT. BEERFEST HALL - MINUTES LATER

Our team heads to their bench. Barry, Fink & Landfill are clearly intimidated. The arena, the crowd, the teams. It's more than they could have possibly imagined. Jan feels their awe. He pulls a tape measure from his pocket.

JAN
Hey, Fink, do me a favor. Measure that keg from top to bottom.

FINK
What?

JAN
Just do it.

Fink measures as Barry and Landfill watch.

FINK
Three feet.

JAN
How 'bout the circumference?

Fink measures.

FINK
Four feet.

JAN
(smiles)
Same as the kegs back home, huh?.

The guys smile confidently. Tension broken. Then...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
AR DU FARGNÄTEN???

The crowd ROARS.

CUT TO The TEAMS arranged in an octagon, encircling the main drinking pit. On a BOARD the BRACKETS read:

GERMANY	FRANCE
RUSSIA	ESKIMOS
AUSTRALIA	SWEDEN
CANADA	USA

FINK
Looks like we got the Canadians first.

LANDFILL
Wouldn't have it any other way.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
UNT DER KARL SHUMACHER!!!

A MAN IN LEDERHOSEN comes out with a monkey and plays the German National Anthem on an accordion. He and the monkey dance. It's very German. He finishes to thunderous applause.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
UNT NOW... BEEEEEEEEEER FEEEEEIIIST!!!

INT. BEERFEST - ROUND ONE

The Games begin. We see snippets of amazing competition in every event: Beer Pong, Trick Quarters, Distance Quarters, Turbo Quarters, Shufflebeer, Height Pouring, Anchor Man, Speed Chugging, Volume Chugging, Monkey Chugging AND MORE!

Our team squares off against the Canadians, who look cocky as hell.

JUDGE
First team to win five events moves to ze next round... PROST!

THE LONG POUR: Fink is up on a high platform, pouring beer perfectly into Landfill's mouth. His Canadian opponent leans in to him.

RONNY
(re: Landfill)
That's the same guy who told me you were the weak leak up in Thunder Bay.

Fink smiles a knowing smile.

FINK
Oh no it's not.

Fink pours. He and Landfill don't spill a drop!

DEPTH CHARGE. The teams take turns pouring beer into a cup floating in a pitcher of beer. First team to sink the cup, chugs the pitcher. Jan pours with a steady hand.

CHAD
You sure you can handle that, eh?

Jan pours and pours. He comes dangerously close to sinking the cup, then pulls up at the last possible second. Chad's smile fades. Chad takes his turn... and can't help but immediately sink the cup. His team DRINKS.

JAN
Too bad this competition ain't on ice skates, "eh?"

PONG. Fink is teamed with Todd, who is still incoherently drunk. Fink does his best to hang on, but Todd is a mess, flailing all over the table, knocking into Fink etc. The Canadians finished them off with the kill shot.

Fink approaches Jan.

FINK
I'm sorry Jan, but Todd's killin' us out there. Killin' us.

TRICK QUARTERS. A CANADIAN goes for a "roll down the nose" shot and misses. It's Barry's turn. He looks up at the scoreboard. CANADA 2 - USA 4.

He surveys the surroundings... then bounces one off the table, the ceiling fan, the Judge's belly and in. The place goes nuts. USA 5 - Canada 2. VICTORY!

The crowd cheers. The Baron curses under his breath. Jan approaches Chad.

JAN
If only you had another month to train. Know what I'm talkin' aboot?

END OF ROUND ONE. The next round brackets go up.

GERMANY VS. RUSSIA

ESKIMOS VS. USA

INT. BEERFEST - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Between rounds THE RUSSIANS sit on their bench, doing shots of vodka.

THE GERMANS are on theirs, drinking deer urine.

THE ESKIMOS eat BLUBBER. Fink studies them.

FINK
BLUBBER! Of course! Why didn't I think of that?!

JAN
Great work out there guys! We played hard... as a team. How's everybody feel?

LANDFILL
Bloated.

FINK
Hold out your tongue.

LANDFILL
Don't kiss me!

FINK
Hold out your tongue!

Landfill sticks out his tongue. Fink sprinkles something on it. Landfill's tongue starts to snap and fizzle.

LANDFILL
JESUS CHRIST! WHAT THE FUCK!?

FINK
Settle down.

Fink holds up a package of "Pop Rocks." He hands Landfill a Coke.

FINK (CONT'D)
Chase it down with this.

LANDFILL
Pop Rocks and Coke?! Are you trying to kill me?

FINK
Aw, that's just a bunch of bullshit made up by Moms who didn't want their kids to have the most tremendous burps of all time.

Landfill drinks the Coke and sure enough let's out the MOST TREMENDOUS BURP OF ALL TIME.

LANDFILL
Hey! I feel like a new man!

BARRY
Hey Jan, we're gonna have to do something about him.

Barry motions over to the French team on their bench drinking out of Gatorade tubs marked "Cabernet." Todd serenades them as the Frenchmen try to get rid of him.

BARRY (CONT'D)
He's become a liability.

Jan thinks.... then marches over to Todd.

JAN
Todd, I hate to do this, but you're benched.

Todd turns to his brother with a smile and sweetly...

TODD
Les amoureux de l'an deux millecherchent à comprendre...

INT. BEERFEST - ROUND 2

Our team against the Eskimos, a formidable opponent. To make matters worse, with Todd benched, it's now 5 on 4.

SPEED FUNNEL. Landfill holds on to the biggest goddamn BEER FUNNEL you've ever seen. He's squared off with an Eskimo. The judge gives the signal and THEY DRINK. The beer gushes like a rocket! Landfill powers through first.

ANGLE ON THE BARON. He leans to someone in the shadows.

BARON
Zat one worries me...

Meanwhile Todd celebrates by flying in and TACKLING Landfill... a little too hard. Jan & Barry pull him off. Todd grabs a couple of beers and guzzles them.

TODD
(wasted)
EAT REINDEER SHIT, ESKIMOS!

LONG DISTANCE QUARTERS. Jan & an Eskimo stand at one end of the room. The Eskimo slams the big German coin off the table. It SAAAAIIIIILLLLLSSS 30 feet through the air and DOINK! Lands in a bucket. The crowd cheers! Jan drinks.

Jan slams his coin, it SOARS and CLUNK. Hits the rim and bounces off. Oooo.

JAN
Um... Chance?

The Judge & the Eskimo let out a BIG LAUGH. "No way."

MONKEY CHUG. Fink and an Eskimo stand at the ready below a monkey bar. The Judge raises his hand.

JUDGE
TRINKEN!

The crowd cheers as Fink and the Eskimo SWING their legs up. Hanging upside down, they proceed to chug beers.

The Eskimo takes the lead. Suddenly Landfill notices that Fink's yarmulke is flopping down from his head. Landfill swoops in and holds the yarmulke in place.

Up on his perch, the Baron scoffs.

Meanwhile, Fink powers through and finishes first! Winner! He gives Landfill a look of thanks.

The hard fought battle continues until we see the SCOREBOARD: ESKIMOS 4, USA 3.

TEAM TURBO QUARTERS. This is it. We lose, we're out. The teams line up on opposite sides of a long table. Beer steins are placed in the middle, team members are armed with STACKS of German coins. Barry strokes the table.

BARRY
It's pine. Should have some give. You wanna throw with a thirty percent torque.

LANDFILL
What the fuck does that mean?

BARRY
25 miles per hour and you should be fine.

LANDFILL
What the fuck does that mean?

The Judge raises his hand and ...

JUDGE
TRINKEN!

The Game begins! It's a team speed race. Everyone shoots at the same time. They sink one in your stein, you drink. Team with the most sunk coins in the allotted time wins.

It's a free for all. Coins sail everywhere, like they're shot from a machine gun. POW POW POW. Coins sink lefty righty. Contestants drink as fast as they can. Exciting.

As the clock ticks, our guys are holding their own. When the time's up the judge calls it. He looks at the tally. USA 265. Eskimos 282.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
ESKIMOS! VICTORS!

BARRY
(stunned)
How the fuck did they beat us?

The Eskimos celebrate. Our guys turn away until...

JUDGE
Nein! Nein!

Wait! The Judge rushes toward an Eskimo, reaches into his huge parka sleeve and... pulls out a beer.

The crowd gasps. The Judge pulls out another beer. He grabs the next Eskimo and pulls off his parka. (Without it, the skinny, naked, shivering Eskimo looks like Foghorn Leghorn without his feathers.) The judge shakes the parka. Beers fall to the ground. The crowd "BOOS!"

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Pocketing their beers! Eskimo Team disqualified!!! USA... Winners!

As the realization washes over our guys, they start to celebrate! They look over and see...

The Germans CRUSHING the Russians. They toss passed out Ruskies on a huge pile of other unconscious opponents.

ANGLE ON THE BRACKET BOARD. USA is moved into the championship slot against... Germany.

IN. BEERFEST - MINUTES LATER

THE TWO TEAMS STAND OPPOSITE EACH OTHER. Stare down. The Americans look drunker, bellies a little more swolen.

TODD
(slurring)
This... is what dreams are made of.

ROLF
Ve are going to wipe our schwanz mit you.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
STRASSE FUS MINTA UFTILTAUN!

JAN
Alright, let's kick some German ass.

The crowd goes bonkers. AND WE BEGIN! Fast and furious.

Immediately, our guys realize they're in over their heads: The Germans drink like robots. Harder and faster than any of the previous competition.

Fink gets crushed by Sclemmer in a monkey chug.

Barry gets creamed by Otto at distance quarters.

Jan get pummelled by Hammacher in a speed chug.

Landfill swallows incredible amounts of beer from the German Funnel, but Gunter still beats him.

Our guys are quickly in a terrible hole. Germans 4, USA 0. The Germans arrogantly laugh and joke.

JUDGE
BEER PONG!

CUT TO Jan and Fink take their places at the table. However before we begin, Rolf steps forward...

ROLF
Hold! Herr Official! There is a player on ze American team who has not competed in any event.

Rolf points at Todd who is now sharing a knockwurst with a huge Swedish woman.

ROLF (CONT'D)
The rules state that all five members of the team must compete or else... disqualification.

JAN
Hold on!

JUDGE
Zat IS the rule. Your fifth teammate must compete now! Or else...

Todd stumbles over and grabs a pong paddle from Fink.

TODD
(slurring)
King Pong's got NOTHIN' on me!

FINK
Jan, we can't let him play. We'll get slaughtered!

Jan looks at Todd, who promptly trips on the table leg and falls FLAT on his face. The crowd roars. Jan winces.

BARRY (O.S.)
I'll play with him.

CAMERA SPINS TO REVEAL Barry standing with a pong paddle in hand. He looks goddamned determined.

JAN
Barry... are you sure?

BARRY
Fuck yeah.

INT. BEERFEST - MINUTES LATER

The pong match. Barry and Todd vs. Hammacher and Otto. Barry looks nervous. Todd looks incapacitated.

TODD
(wasted, to Barry)
Hey Bare-zo, I'm really proud of you.
(to Germans)
Hey, Comrades! How 'bout loser gets a paddle shoved up their asses!

Todd laughs. Barry shudders.

HAMMACHER
Fine. Volley for serve.

Hammacher bounces the ball over the net. Barry swings and misses. Everyone laughs.

OTTO
You know you have to hit ze ball!

BIG laughs. Otto bounces another. This time Barry SMASHES it back, shattering Otto's beer glass. The CROWD GASPS!

BARRY
Whaddya think about that, you fuckhead?

Otto winks, chugs his beer, chews the broken glass and swallows. He smiles a bloody smile.

OTTO
What you zink about dat, you Head fuck!

Barry and Todd raise their eyebrows. Pretty intimidating.

INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC KICKS IN FOR BEER PONG.

Despite the fact that Todd is a flailing mess, Barry plays hard for both of them. The shots are fast and furious. Both sides drink beer after beer. And Barry gets better and better, hitting beer glass after beer glass. Fink, Landfill and Jan cheer them on.

The game proceeds until... USA 20, GERMANY 19. Todd serves. He barely gets it in play, but the point is an awesome rally, back and forth. THE CROWD'S HEADS follow the action: Left right left right.

Finally Hammacher hits a tough shot that goes just beyond the reach of an outstretched Todd, it looks over until...

SLO-MO: Barry dives behind him and somehow manages to hit the ball. He crashes hard into the stands, like Derek Jeter, feet flying up in the air.

It's a perfect shot -- right into Hammacher's glass. USA WINS! The CROWD ERUPTS.

Todd helps Barry out of the stands. Barry's face is bloody. They look each other in the eyes.

BARRY
Hey... Sorry I fucked your wife.

TODD
Barry, you can fuck my wife anytime.

They hug a manly hug. USA is still alive and now the momentum starts to sway...

SHUFFLEBEER: The table top curling with beer mugs. Fink and Landfill rub the bar as Jan slides a shot knocking the last German beer mug off the table. USA 2, GERMANY 4.

BEER OBSTACLE COURSE: One of those ridiculously elaborate, Survivor-esque obstacle courses. Go!

Jan vs. Otto. They race from the start line and scale a net wall. At the top, they drink a beer. At the bottom they slap hands with the next guy...

Todd vs. Hammacher. They jump into a pen and scramble to catch a pig. Todd bites it in the mud, but gets back up and dives on a pig. As they carry their pigs out of the pen, they down beers and slap hands with the next guys...

Landfill vs. Gunter. They walk a balance beam with a beer perched on their heads. Gunter falls off. The crowd CHEERS. Landfil passes him but doesn't get much farther. He falls off. They try again... and make it. They drink their beers, then slaps hands with the next guy.

Barry vs. Rolf. They swing across a puddle on a rope, holding a beer. It's awkward, but they both land and drink their beer. They slaps hands with the next guys. The crowd is on the edge of their seats!

Fink vs. Schlemmer. To finish, they have to assemble an elaborate three dimensional beer puzzle in the shape of a stein. Then they have to drink it. Fink races through his puzzle. Schlemmer is no match for Fink's geometric mind. Fink finishes, drinks and WINS! USA 3, Germany 4.

TRICK QUARTERS: The scene is tense. This could tie it up. Barry calls the shot...

BARRY
"Spin the Pony!"

The crowd "Ooooo's." Gunter Scoffs. Barry spins, rolls the big German coin down the back of his leg then kicks it up in the air. It bounces off Jan's head and ...IN!

JUDGE
USA!

ON THE BARON

BARON
Sheisse!

Now the crowd goes berserk. The guys dogpile on each other. USA 4, GERMANY 4. The Germans are flabbergasted.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
SUDDEN DEATH! YOU KNOW VHAT THIS MEANS!
DAS BOOOOOOOOOOOT!

CROWD
(ERUPTING)
DAS BOOT! DAS BOOT! DAS BOOT!

Money changes hands in the stands. Our guys gather around in a huddle. They're all drunk now, however Todd is still a different level of drunk.

TODD
(slurring)
Well, guys, this is that moment. The moment that exists only in sports. The moment when the good guys are taking on the bad guys. The moment that, if this was a scene from a movie, this speech would be shown up on the humongotron to get the home team fans fired up. Right? Us against them! We're the bad guys and THEY'RE the good guys! And I'll be damned if we let the good guys win!

BARRY
No, <u>we're</u> the good guys.

TODD
That's what I said, asssshole --

FINK
Guys, I just wanna take this chance to say...

(MORE)

FINK (CONT'D)
thanks for the greatest year of my life. Win or lose, drinking beer with you guys is just plain fuckin' fun

LANDFILL
Let's do this for Landfill!

BARRY
And Grandpa Wolfhouse.

FINK
Landfill and Grandpa Wolfhouse on three.

ALL
1, 2, 3...LANDFILL AND GRANDPA WOLFHOUSE!

The teams form the lines. Our guys sway, hammered. Suddenly the crowd starts to buzz... The Baron, is making his way to the pit. On his arm is none other than...

... CHERRY. She's now got blonde hair and pigtails. And wears lederhosen. The guys' jaws drop.

JAN
Cherry? What the hell are you doing here?

BARON
Anysing I tell her.

And with that, the Baron & Cherry share a gruesome French kiss with all kinds of shiny tongue. The guys cringe.

JAN
(gagging)
Cherry...You were a spy?

BARON
(stroking her hair)
Our finest secret agent. Sent many years ago to keep a vatchful eye on your so called brewery. Always bet on black, ya?

They laugh evilly. The guys stare at her in disbelief. She stares back with attitude.

JUDGE
GAME ON!

The glasses are filled. Landfill is the anchor man holding Das Boot.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Not a drop can be shpilled!

The Judge raises his arm. All eyes on it.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
UND TRINKEN!

He brings it down. Fink chugs first and slams his beer, then Todd, then Jan. The teams are neck and neck. Barry's up. He polishes his off. Still a squeaker. The crowd goes bonkers. Then it gets to the anchors...

The BOOTS go up. Landfill guzzles, one step ahead of Gunter. Then two steps. His beer is going down fast.

FINK
Get ready for the turn, Lando!

THE BARON'S eyes go wide... He looks to Cherry, who then looks to Landfill.

CHERRY
Hey fat boy! When I dropped your brother in zat vat he shquealed like a shtuck pig!

Just as Landfill turns the boot, Cherry's revelation shakes him. The bubble EXPLODES in Landfill's face. Beer splatters everywhere.

Meanwhile, Gunter finishes his Boot and turns it over. Bone dry. It's over. The Germans win! They stiffly hug and high five. The crowd CHEERS.

Landfill is visibly shaken. Cherry lets out a sinister, German laugh. The Baron kisses her for good measure.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Das vinner! Germany!

ROLF
Guttentag, losers. And zis time... don't come back!

The crowd starts throwing shit at them. Pure humiliation. Our guys head for the door, embarrassed. Jan takes one last drunken look back at the Baron.

BARON
See you later, shtable boy! Say hello to the family whore!

Jan stops in his tracks. He storms back, belligerent.

JAN
Double or nothing!

BARON
On what?

Jan pulls out a pink piece of paper.

JAN
We'll play for pink slips! For the breweries!

FINK
Whoa Jan! What the fuck are you doing?

JAN
(to Baron)
Come on. You wanted Wolf Beer! Here's your chance! Our brewery for yours!

The Baron laughs. The German team laughs. The crowd roars.

LANDFILL
Jan don't. You've worked too hard.

SCHLEMMER
Listen to your friend, Jan. All of you are too drunk to tie your shoes!

JAN
You think so? Well how 'bout we make it us against you. TEN boots. Five on five!

The crowd gasps. Jan's teammates try to back him off. The Germans lahf!

OTTO
Ten boots? You couldn't even do <u>one</u> boot. You can barely shtand.

HAMMACHER
In Germany, we call dis... a no brainer. Ve are lahfing!

The Germans laugh. The crowd begins to chant.

SPECTATOR #1
Take ze bet, you fucking poosy!

BARON
(he's had enough)
CRUSH ZE BAHSTARDS!

The CROWD GOES NUTS! *"Ze greatest Beerfest ever!"* Money changes hands again. THE DEEDS are placed on a table.

GUNTER
Zis vill be like taking black walnut candy from a baby! (lahf)

JAN
Yeah, good one. Only thing is, one: we're not babies and two ...

Suddenly, one by one, our guys stand up straight. They compose themselves. Landfill, Barry, Fink, Todd then Jan.

JAN (CONT'D)
We're not drunk.

The crowd gasps again! The Americans AREN'T drunk after all! Money starts going the other way.

The Germans, a bit drunk themselves, look at their foes in a new light. They even look a little... rattled.

With that, Todd slumps back down.

TODD
Actually, I am drunk...

ITN. BEEFEREST - MINUTES LATER

TEN GLASS BOOTS are in the pit. The Judge fills them with thick, dark beer. Our guys huddle up.

FINK
Ok, everyone remember to turn the boot when the bubble hits...

LANDFILL
Um, Fink, I hope you don't take offense, but... I'm not gonna do the turn. I'm just gonna ubangee it.

FINK
Lando, we've been through this before... well not you and me but... Look, Cherry just knocked you off your game. You got rattled. It'll work. Trust me.

LANDFILL
No no. Don't get me wrong, it was a shocker and I DO intend to kill that cunt when we're done, but I just feel better with the ubangee.

JUDGE
DAS BOOT!!!!

FINK
(believing in him)
Go for it, my friend. Go for it.

They give each other smiles of respect... and line up.

In order: it's Fink, Todd, Jan, Barry, & Landfill. The Germans stare them down. Fink eyes his counterpart, Rolf.

ROLF
I'm looking forward to eliminating another one of your kind.

FINK
(glares)
Don't *flech* a sleeping *mashugunah*.

ROLF
We should have wiped you people out when we had ze chance...

A psychotic look washes over Fink. He breathes heavily, powered by fury. Jan spots it...

JAN
Jesus, Fink's got the eye of the Jew.
(to team)
He's got the eye of the Jew! FINK'S OUR ANCHORMAN!

Jan moves Fink all the way down the line, next to Landfill. Fink looks crazed. He stares down his new counterpart, Gunter. Gunter shifts uncomfortably. Todd is now across from Rolf in the first spot.

TODD
(to Rolf)
You fucked up. That *mashugunah's* gonna *shtup* your *tukhes*.

JUDGE
UND TRINKEN!

The Judge's hand drops and... THEY'RE OFF! Todd gets a jump on Rolf, guzzling hard, but Rolf catches up quickly and passes. Both teams cheer for their guys.

TODD'S BUBBLE approaches the heel of the BOOT... Fink is still in the throws of "the eye of the Jew," so Jan takes it upon himself to coach.

JAN
TURN!